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Cover photo by Suze Randall/Suze.net

LOOKING AT 2008

What will the coming year have to offer? My guess is more bad news than good. If the past is prologue, we can expect an even greater erosion of our civil rights, increased unemployment, a further decline in the dollar's purchasing power and, God help us, more death and suffering in Iraq as the insidious war escalates.

But that may not be the worst of what's in store. The impotence of Congress, combined with the media's pro-corporate agenda, could possibly pave the way for Bush to use his trump card: declaring martial law and implementing his Presidential Directive of May 9, 2007, which suspends the Constitution.

Never before have I felt such gloom and trepidation when looking toward the future. And never before have I wished so fervently that my assumptions were wrong.

We've seen tough times before and come through them okay. With luck, maybe we'll do so again. Here's hoping the new year will be a blessing for us all.

Larry Flynt

Larry Flynt
Publisher

TECHKNOW

Better living through gadgets.

BY KEITH VALCOURT

WE'VE GOT YOU SURROUNDED ▲

Known around the world for designing some of the best subwoofers out there, the folks at SVS are aiming even higher. Their latest goal is to put out the best speaker system on Earth at an affordable price. The small, bookshelf **SBS-01** surround-sound system (with aforementioned subwoofer) has the fullest range of sound you may ever hear. Since the stylish setup comes in three color choices (black, sterling silver and cream white), it not only delivers great sound, but also looks great. Available at ***SVSound.com***. Suggested retail price: $999 and up.

WE ARE THE ROBOTS ►

Maybe you're looking for a gift for your girlfriend or her kid, or maybe you don't have a significant other and are just lonely as hell. Either way the new **Robopanda** from WowWee (the geniuses that delivered Robosapien and Roboreptile) is worth its weight in gold. This fun-loving, controller-free robot interacts through a series of tactile sensors on its extremities and body. **Robopanda** responds with mood-specific behaviors and sounds based on a variety of commands. Your companion can sit, stand, walk, crawl on all fours, roll over and even hug. Sure, at first glance the gizmo may look cute and cuddly, but we figure there must be a way to cross a few wires and use **Robopanda** to take over the world! If you're into that sort of thing. Available at ***WowWee.com***. Suggested retail price: $229.

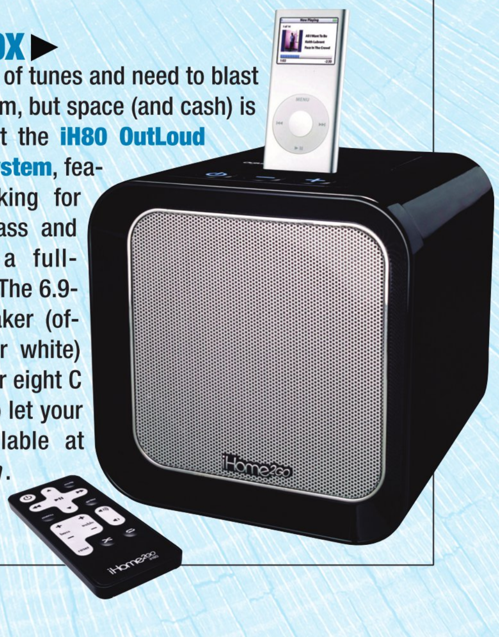
▲SPIN THAT WHEEL

The **Stanton T.90 USB Turntable** is the ultimate record player for archiving vinyl material. You can hook the unit up directly to your computer via a USB cable and download all your favorite rare LP tracks. The **T.90** comes complete with easy-to-use software that lets you either transfer the tracks to an MP3 player or burn them onto a CD. Plus, it's a helluva pro direct-drive turntable, costing less than 400 bucks. You know that no one is ever gonna put that stack of dusty records moldering in your basement onto discs. It's up to you, my friend. Available at ***MusiciansFriend.com***. Suggested retail price: $399.

WHAT'S ▲THE BRITE IDEA?

The **Brite-Strike Tactical Flashlight**, designed by two police officers to provide a sturdier and more effective auxiliary crime-fighting tool, is now available to the public. Tailor-made for self-defense, the easy-to-grasp device shoots an intense beam of flawless white light that can temporarily blind and disorient a would-be attacker. The flashlights—measuring 3.5 inches and 5 inches in length—produce up to 80 lumens. The longer model can operate on high for up to four hours and on low (35 lumens) for up to 50 hours. Remember, if it's good enough for local police departments as well as the military, it should definitely be good enough for you. Available at ***Brite-Strike.com***. Suggested retail price: $80 and up.

HOT LITTLE BOX ►



You have an iPod full of tunes and need to blast them through the room, but space (and cash) is tight. Then check out the **iH80 OutLoud Portable Speaker System**, featuring universal docking for most iPod models, bass and treble control, plus a full-function remote control. The 6.9-inch, cube-shaped speaker (offered in either black or white) runs on an AC adaptor or eight C batteries. Isn't it time to let your music out loud? Available at ***iHomeAudio.com***. Suggested retail price: $99.99.

ROBERT SCHEER

“DIRTY BOMBER” CASE A BLACK EYE FOR DEMOCRACY

When the President Can Make U.S. Citizens Disappear for Years, We Are Edging Toward Dictatorship

IT’S NOT THE PIE, people or even the Chevrolets. It’s the ideals that make our nation great. American exceptionalism—the idea that we are somehow inherently better than other nations—rests most firmly on our faith in the rule of law, in general, and on the profound brilliance of the U.S. Constitution and its Bill of Rights, in particular.

So it is that a century from now, if history is well served, the case of Jose Padilla will be taught to American schoolchildren as a warning of how precarious our individual liberties are and how much vigilance it takes to maintain a Constitutional democracy. As with slavery, the internment of Japanese-Americans and the McCarthy witch-hunt before, the nation’s quiet acceptance of the unconstitutional incarceration of alleged “dirty bomb” plotter and U.S. citizen Padilla shows that yes, it *can* happen here whenever fear or selfishness lead us to lower our guard.

“We have disrupted an unfolding terrorist plot to attack the United States by exploding a radioactive ‘dirty bomb,’” Attorney General John Ashcroft declared in 2002, interrupting a visit to Moscow for a dramatic satellite press conference a month after Padilla’s arrest at Chicago’s O’Hare Airport. It made for terrifying news headlines—especially since many people didn’t understand that a dirty bomb is light years less dangerous than a nuclear one—and good press for the Bush Administration.

Never mind that, reported the *New York Times*, al-Qaeda personnel director Abu Zubaydah “dismissed Mr. Padilla as a maladroit extremist whose hope to construct a dirty bomb, using conventional explosives to disperse radioactive materials, was far-fetched,” since he knew nothing about the science involved. Even then-Deputy Defense Secretary Paul Wolfowitz was forced to admit the day after Ashcroft’s bombshell that, “I don’t think there was actually a plot beyond some fairly loose talk.”

From there things got really strange. Despite being a U.S. citizen, Padilla was not arraigned, given legal counsel and duly prosecuted. Nor was he released. Instead, the juvenile delinquent-turned-radical Muslim convert was publicly labeled a terrorist and, for all intents and purposes, “disappeared.” Held mostly incommunicado as an “enemy combatant” for 43 months in a military brig at an unknown location, Padilla was denied his Constitutional rights and broken down as effectively as the victims of any Maoist reeducation camp.

According to the handful of independent lawyers and shrinks who have had access to Padilla and his case records, the tactics his captors used were calculated to destroy him. He was bound in painful positions for long stretches; kept awake for days in solitary confinement with light and noise tortures; kept in total darkness and silence; given no mattress, blankets or other basic necessities; and kept from his family and friends. Sometimes, Padilla says, he was made to sign his name as “John Doe,” a common practice of interrogators intent on reminding prisoners they are “nobodies” who don’t “exist,” and thus have no legal or bureaucratic protections.

“Essentially, what happened to Mr. Padilla was designed to reassure him” that he had no rights or hope of rescue, Dr. Angela Hegarty said on the Pacifica radio program *Democracy Now!* Authorities wanted to convince Padilla that “the things we take for granted as American citizens, that we will not get off a plane and be spirited away for years at the hands of harsh interrogators, that that can happen in America.”

Padilla also suffered severe hallucinations, said Hegarty, a forensic psychiatrist who was allowed to interview the suspected terrorist for 22 hours on behalf of his defense team. These were caused either by drugs Padilla thinks he was given, or the isolation and sleep deprivation he was forced to endure. Abuse ultimately left him brain damaged, paranoid and mentally ill, so terrified of the government’s power to harm his family that Padilla refused to help his own lawyers.

“He revealed to me that he essentially had been told that if he relayed any of what had happened to him, his experiences, people would quote/unquote know he was crazy,” Hegarty went on to say. Padilla, she added, was in an “absolute state of terror, terror alternating with numbness, largely. It was as though the interrogators were in the room with us.”

Treating an American citizen as guilty without trial, and then torturing him, was rationalized as necessary in the wake of 9/11. The idea, of course, is that our overall safety is more important than civil liberties—mocked by acolytes of the national security state as “niceties” or “coddling” or “naive.”

How could we worry about the rights of some lunatic loser when thousands of lives might be at stake? Yet our rights are not based on what is convenient or efficacious for the state—or even our collective safety. They are, to quote the Declaration of Independence, supposed to be inalienable.

In the end, the Supreme Court seemed to be hinting it would eventually overturn the President’s use of “enemy combatant” status, so Padilla was dumped back to the criminal courts. In Florida a jury speedily convicted him of impossibly vague conspiracy charges based on a single information form allegedly found in Afghanistan, as well as a few wiretapped phone conversations during which he said, essentially, nothing. He faces possible life in prison. Meanwhile, his attorneys—who have been battling Kafkaesque security restrictions, such as having to respond to documents they weren’t allowed to read—say they will appeal.

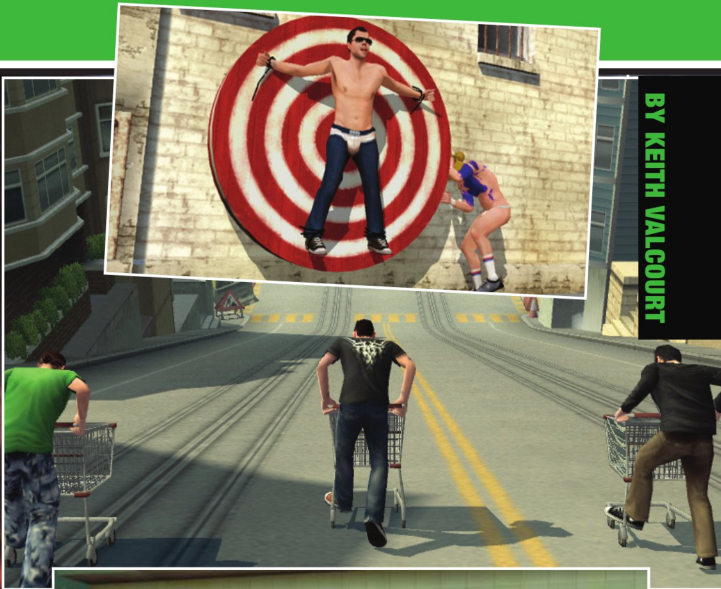
Unfortunately, rather than being an obscure miscarriage of justice in some backwater court, this grotesque saga is all too emblematic of a nation in crisis: ours. It unfolded at the direction of a President who believes that the Constitution is just so much toilet paper and that the military is the solution to all security issues. Does George W. Bush believe he is an emperor? He certainly has been allowed to act like one.

……

Before serving 30 years as a columnist for the Los Angeles Times, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor-in-chief of Ramparts magazine. Now editor of ***TruthDig.com****, Scheer has written six hard-hitting books, notably Thinking Tuna Fish, Talking Death: Essays on the Pornography of Power and Playing President: My Close Encounters With Nixon, Carter, Bush I, Reagan and Clinton—And How They Did Not Prepare Me for George W. Bush.*

GAME ON

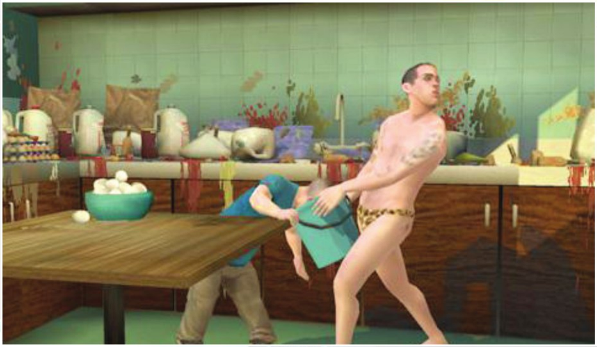
BY KEITH VALCOURT

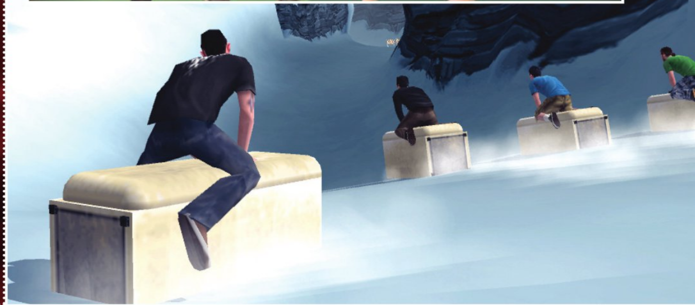


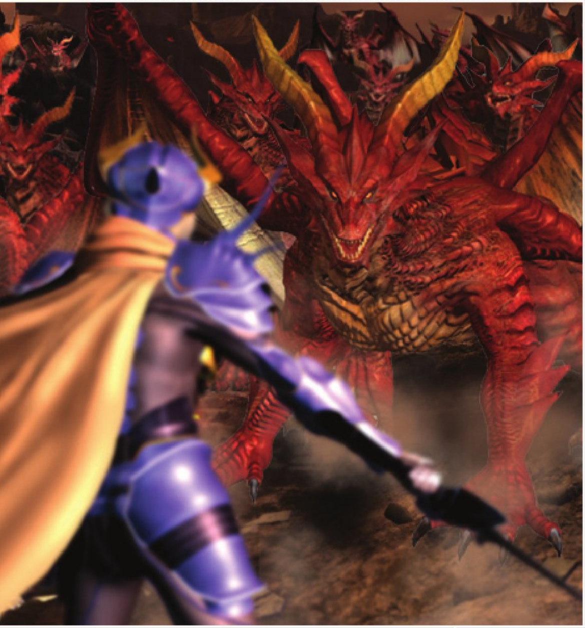
HEY, JACKASS!

Jackass the Game
Manufacturer: Red Mile Entertainment/MTV Games
Format: PS2, PSP, DS

This mission-based game, modeled after the misadventures of the infamous ***Jackass*** crew, lets you become Johnny Knoxville, Steve-O, Wee Man and the rest of the twisted posse. You can experience all types of brainless, daredevilish, off-the-wall stunts and madness, while a detailed in-game system tracks each impact and resulting injury, such as broken bones and ruptured spleens. Of the 35 unique scenarios—including refrigerators racing to the bottom of a snowy mountain—our favorite has to be the garbage-can roll down the hilly streets of San Francisco. Don't be a jackass; get this game!



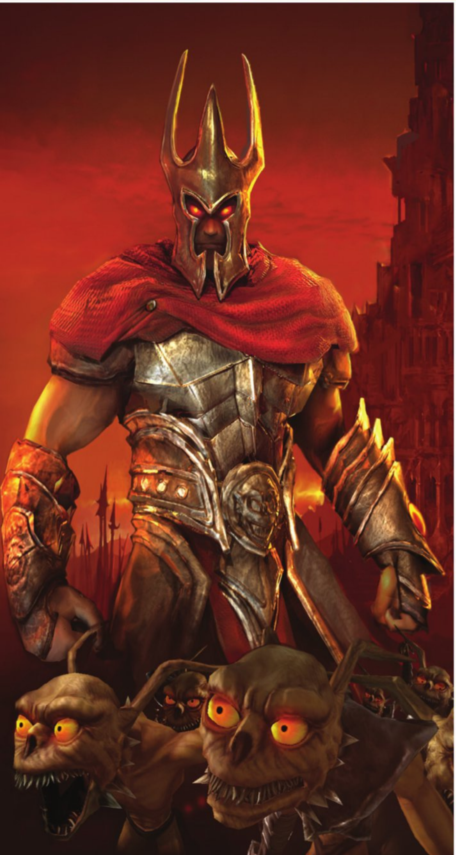




WHAT'S YOUR FANTASY?

Final Fantasy
Manufacturer: Square Enix
Format: PSP

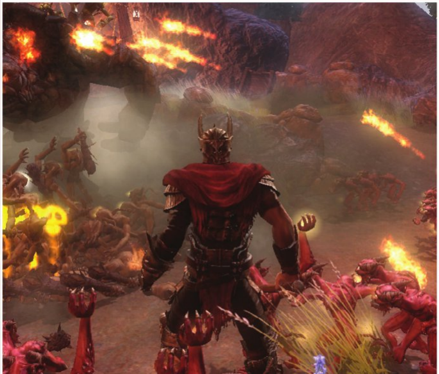
You know the game ***Final Fantasy***. For the past 20 years it has come to represent one of the best fantasy RPGs out there. To mark the milestone of two decades as a top title, Square Enix has just released a PSP version. It features a fresh batch of graphics with new dungeons, new character art and a whole new presentation. Happy anniversary, ***Final Fantasy***! Battle on!



I AM THE OVERLORD

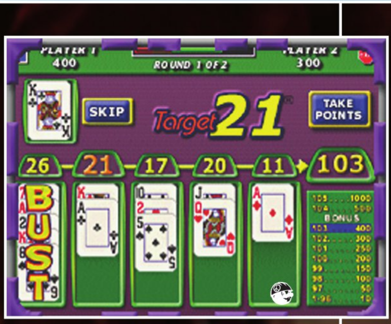
Overlord
Manufacturer: Codemasters
Format: Xbox 360, PC

You are dead. Well, at least you were until being resurrected against your will to become the vile ***Overlord***. Angry and on a tear, you'll have a blast wreaking havoc on anyone who crosses your path. The game is the perfect blend of sword-swinging action in a fantasy world, with a nice dose of black humor thrown in for good measure. Wield axes, knives and pitchforks as you guide your dark minions to a bloody and evil victory.

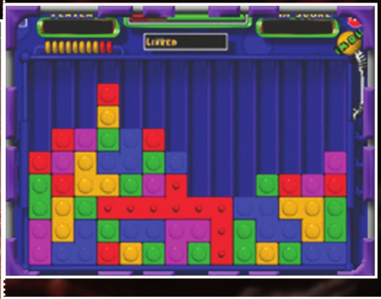


TOUCH IT!

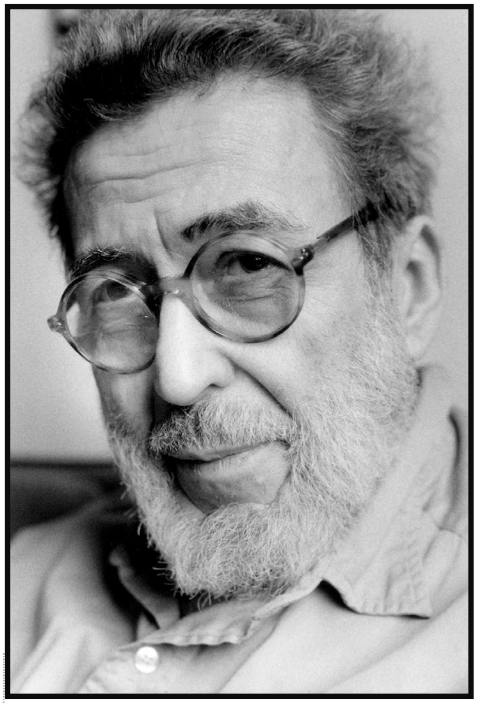
Touchmaster
Manufacturer: Midway
Format: DS



Exclusively for the Nintendo DS, Midway has now compiled some of its best and most addictive classic bar games into ***Touchmaster***. It's a natural fit, as the stylus and touch screen of the DS are ideal for quick gameplay sessions. Twenty-three popular mini-games—including *Mahki*, *Solitaire*, *Target 21* and *Pond Kings*—are all right here for you to play in the palm of your hand. This is the perfect plan B for those lonely nights when you would normally have something else in the palm of your hand.



IMUS RETURNING?—BUT WE STILL MUST WATCH WHAT WE SAY



FOUR MONTHS AFTER “NAPPY-HEADED HOS” caused the firing of Don Imus—Michael Harrison, publisher of *Talkers* magazine, more accurately called it “an execution”—the irrepressible Imus will soon reportedly be back on the air. Negotiations have been underway but, as of this writing, they are—as the Bush Administration habitually says—“classified.”

However, Kia Vaughn—a member of the Rutgers University basketball team that Imus fatefully described with ghetto slang—has found a lawyer to sue Imus for defamation. Since he did not name Vaughn specifically, and the Supreme Court has found group defamation unconstitutional, Imus may be off the hook. The shock jock will apparently not have to give up any of the purported $20-million settlement his lawyer arranged to end Imus’s $120-million lawsuit against CBS for its breaking of the contract he’d signed with the network shortly before being summarily sacked.

Don Imus’s resurrection is largely due to his astute choice of the attorney handling these negotiations: Martin Garbus, who defended comic Lenny Bruce in his 1964 “obscenity” trial. Garbus would have won an acquittal for Lenny, but the presiding judge—John Murtagh—made it clear before he heard a word of defense testimony that the defendant had committed a crime of immoral speech. A conviction not only ended Lenny’s career, but also precipitated his death.

Martin Garbus called me to testify for the defense in that trial because of my frequent writings on the First Amendment in robust connection with the comedian’s performances. (Lenny was also a friend of mine, and during his various free speech busts, he had become a First Amendment scholar.)

The most dramatic testimony was provided by another defense witness, Hearst columnist Dorothy Kilgallen—a combative conservative, a practicing Catholic and a fan of Lenny’s penetrating humor. The passionate prosecutor, an aspiring Torquemada, was Richard Kuh. For his first question of Kilgallen, he roared at her a staccato barrage of such words from Lenny’s routines as *cocksuckers*, *tits and ass*, and *motherfuckers*.

“Are those words of redeeming social value?” Kuh barked at the columnist. Kilgallen looked demurely at her gloves, then coolly admonished the rabid prosecutor: “They are words, Mr. Kuh. Words, words, words.”

Pressured by leading lions of the First Amendment bar and many writers, New York Governor George Pataki posthumously pardoned Lenny in 2003. But, alas, he was not resurrected to realize, as he had often insistently told me, that ultimately the First Amendment would redeem him.

However, certain words can still destroy a career—and eventually be in the lead paragraph of the free speech victim’s obituary. Consider what happened in May 2007 to Ralph Papitto, the longtime chairman of the board of trustees of Roger Williams University in Rhode Island. During a successful career in private life—with a reputation unmarked by any impropriety—the generous benefactor to the university was honored by having its law school, the only one in Rhode Island, named after him.

But, as reported in July by the Associated Press and the *Washington Post*, during a May meeting of the university’s all-white board of trustees, there was a discussion of ways to diversify its membership. Mr. Papitto preferred choosing individuals for posts on the basis of individual merit rather than by mandated affirmative action. During the debate that day, according to the *Washington Post*, he “used a vile epithet to refer to black candidates.”

Rather than offend its black readers, the *Post* did not disclose the precise epithet. I doubt it was “nappy-headed hos,” but it could well have been “nigger.”

There were furious calls for this 80-year-old trustee’s resignation, at the very least. Papitto said that the word, now permanently scarring his memory, “kind of slipped out.” He apologized, but that did not still the furor after he had taken “full responsibility for this matter.”

“What else can I do?” Papitto told a local radio station. “Kill myself?” Finally, he did what the *Washington Post* described as “something honorable.” In what Papitto calls “an incredibly painful decision,” he asked that his name be removed from the Ralph R. Papitto Law School at Roger Williams University.

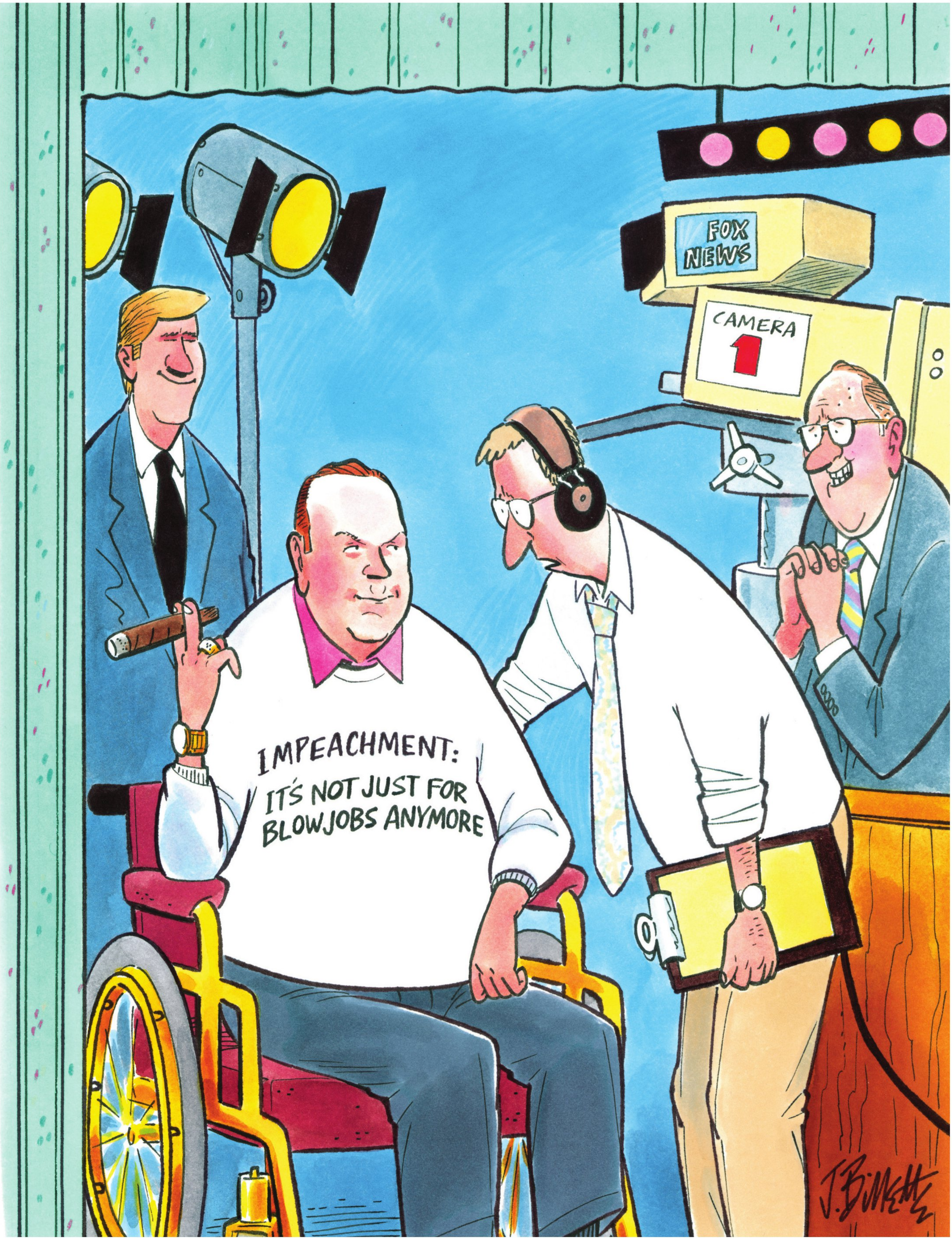
I can well imagine Lenny Bruce’s reaction to Papitto’s and the *Post*’s apparent ignorance of Roger Williams’s enormous contribution to this country’s free speech bedrock. I doubt if many of the trustees, faculty or students at Roger Williams University know why Williams founded the town of Providence and the colony of Rhode Island in 1636.

After a trial in 1635 at the Puritan Massachusetts Bay Colony for “spreading dangerous opinions,” pastor Williams—dedicated to freedom of expression for everyone—made Rhode Island a beacon of actual democracy. The new settlement offered separation of church and state and total religious freedom—including for Jews and Quakers, relentlessly persecuted by Puritans in their “shining city on a hill.”

I can’t prove that Lenny knew all this about Roger Williams, but I do know he was an intense history buff, especially when it came to America’s tumultuous free speech saga, going back to the burning of banned religious tracts in the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Maybe when Don Imus is back on the air, he might pay tribute to Roger Williams.

I wonder how many of the Presidential candidates of both parties know who Williams was—or agree with the colonist’s unfettered championship of free speech—especially now in a simultaneous war by the Bush Administration on terrorism and the Constitution.

Nat Hentoff is a historian, jazz critic and columnist for the Village Voice, Legal Times, Washington Times, The Progressive, Editor & Publisher, Free Inquiry and Jewish World Review. His incisive books include The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America; Living the Bill of Rights; Free Speech for Me But Not for Thee; The War on the Bill of Rights; The Gathering Resistance; and, the very latest, Is This America?


FOX NEWS
CAMERA 1
IMPEACHMENT: IT'S NOT JUST FOR BLOWJOBS ANYMORE
J. Billett

"Excuse me, Mr. Flynt. Mr. Hannity asks that you please not wear that sweatshirt on the set."

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(Up to a Point)

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LEAD PAINT
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LEAD

Alberto Gonzalez

Former Attorney General Alberto Gonzalez personifies the mediocrity of evil. Like World War II Nazi collaborators, this Hispanic quisling proves that even mediocre hacks are capable of great evil. Gonzo was such a willing suck-up as A.G. that he rendered a miracle: making predecessor John Ashcroft look good.

What possibly qualified this ex-real estate lawyer—who'd been a partner in Enron's law firm—to have served as Texas's secretary of state, a Texas Supreme Court justice and White House counsel, let alone as U.S. attorney general?

Gonzalez was the ideal Bush stooge. As the federal government's highest-ranking Hispanic ever, this "Uncle Juan" enabled Republicans to woo Latinos, even as *Massah* Bush camouflaged his white-supremacist policies with dark-skinned Cabinet lackeys. As dishonest as the day is long, Gonzo had an unflagging fealty to *Señor* Bush, whose jackboots this lapdog never failed to lick.

The Bushes are often called "loyal." In reality, these masters of corruption surround themselves with blindly obedient yes-men who always do their dirty work. In exchange, the dynasty feathers these cronies' nests with position, power and privilege—as long as they toe the line.

Gonzalez—who would have been an ambulance chaser if he hadn't hitched his wagon to Bush—was W.'s legal go-to guy. In 1996 this flunky got Bush excused from serving on a jury considering a drunken-driving case so the then-governor could avoid revealing his own 1976 DUI conviction.

Undermining clemency cases, Gonzo made sure the guv wasn't bothered with stays of execution for death row prisoners. (Under Bush's watch, 152 executions were conducted in Texas, which continues to surpass any other state or country.)

As White House counsel, blithely arrogant Alberto advised Bush in a January 2002 memo that the Geneva Conventions' torture ban was "quaint" and "obsolete." In July 2002, Gonzalez discussed the use of waterboarding to simulate the drowning of suspects. An August 2002 Justice Department memo supervised by Gonzalez asserted that torture "may be justified" and that only "organ failure, impairment of bodily function, or…death" constituted torture.

Not content with striking down the Constitutional prohibition of "cruel and unusual punishment," Gonzo believed that, once jailed, suspects don't have the right to be formally charged or represented by counsel. Gonzalez falsely told the Senate Judiciary Committee in January 2007: "There is no express grant of habeas [corpus] in the Constitution."

In other words, dear reader, *you* can be secretly imprisoned, tortured, held without criminal charges and denied legal representation for an indefinite period of time, courtesy of Attorney *Generalissimo* Gonzalez. Furthermore, he advocated the USA PATRIOT Act and government electronic surveillance without judicial oversight, so the Feds can monitor *your* phone calls and e-mails.

During 2007 hearings on the dismissal of numerous U.S. attorneys, Al-zheimer Gonzalez stonewalled the Senate Judiciary Committee, claiming he couldn't recall 60-plus instances. It's widely suspected that these firings were part of a Bush conspiracy to take away *your* right to vote.

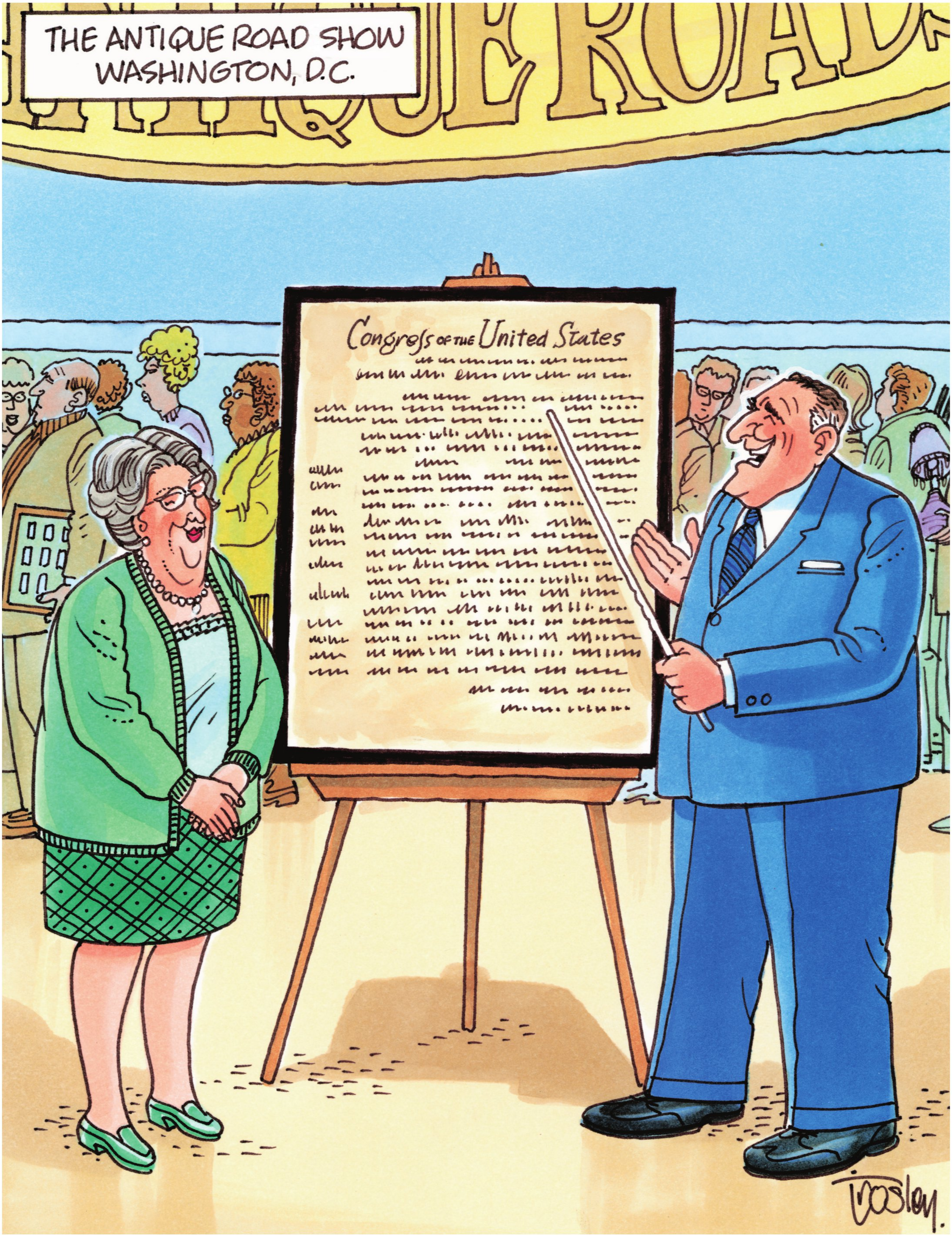
Confronted with demands for a perjury probe (due to his Senate testimony) and for his impeachment, Gonzalez resigned in August 2007. He made a mockery of our Constitution, using it as toilet paper to wipe Bush's ass. Although the head of the Justice Department has stepped down, justice demands that he be charged for his high crimes and misdemeanors in pursuit of raping our Constitutional rights and civil liberties.

Gonzalez deserves extraordinary rendition to Cuba (Havana, *not* Gitmo), where he should be secretly detained without charges, notification of his family or legal counsel—just as he'd do to *you*. "Torture Boy" should be quaintly water-boarded and—Abu Ghraib-style—stripped, sexually humiliated and confronted by snarling hounds. Minus habeas corpus rights, Gonzo should be secretly tried by a military tribunal and, if found guilty, face execution.

In a pathetic resignation speech, the ever-status-conscious Gonzalez stated: "Even my worst days as attorney general have been better than my father's best days." Oh, really, Alberto? At least your dad, a Mexican laborer, didn't unleash torture upon the world. Of course, the fact that he spawned a miserable excuse for a son like *you* probably explains why he became a drunk. Heckuva job, 'Berto!

Farts in the Wind

- **George P. Bush** is a chip off the ol' chicken hawk block. Like his Uncle George W.—who joined the Texas Air National Guard during the Vietnam War—George P. joined an elite military unit unlikely to see combat in Iraq. Following in the undercover footsteps of his grandpappy, ex-CIA Director George H.W., George P. became one of 15 members of the Navy Reserves' 2007 *intelligence* program. If the guy were really patriotically motivated, why didn't he join the infantry when his uncle invaded Iraq in 2003? In reality, George P. is padding his résumé with military credentials for a future political career to perpetuate the Bush dynasty's rule. We say: P.U.!
- **Senator Larry Craig** (R-Idaho) was outed by HUSTLER as a hypocritical, antigay closet queen when named our April '07 Asshole of the Month. Not to boast, but we told you so! Subsequently, the toe-tapping Republican's bathroom arrest during a sex sting at Minneapolis's airport seems to prove us right. The sleazy, sissy senator's response was schizophrenic: Craig pled guilty, then proclaimed his innocence; announced his intent to leave the Senate, then had second thoughts; etc. Why, this confusion sounds just like someone who cruises public men's rooms and votes against gay marriage. After all, it *is* a woman's prerogative to change her mind. Meanwhile, rumor has it that Adam Sandler may be up for a sequel titled *I Now Pronounce You Chuck and Larry Craig.*


THE ANTIQUE ROAD SHOW
WASHINGTON, D.C.
Congreſs of the United States
Trosley

"I was delighted to see this very rare document. It was called the Bill of Rights and was used in this country years ago."

Mia Rose

PHOTO BY CARY RADCLIFF

Nina Hartley

PHOTO BY JOE DUNAVAN

Jenna Jameson

PHOTO BY J.R. REYNOLDS

Jessica Drake

PHOTO BY J.R. REYNOLDS

Tera Patrick

PHOTO BY CARY RADCLIFF

Savanna Samson

PHOTO BY JOE DUNAVAN

EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT

HERE'S THE DRILL: You drag yourself out of bed, meet up with your pals, withdraw all your money from an ATM and head to the Los Angeles Convention Center for the annual EroticaLA expo. Why? So you can stand in line for hours with guys just like you willing to fork over that hard-earned cash to an idolized porn star. In turn, she'll cozy up to you for the 30 seconds it takes to sign an autograph and maybe pose for a snapshot. Sure beats going to church and putting greenbacks in the collection bowl.

LARRY'S WORLD

THE IMPRESARIOS at Adultcon presented their first-ever Lifetime Achievement Award to Larry Flynt recently. Event organizer Renaud West commented, "Without him, there wouldn't be an adult industry."

"I'm honored to be recognized for my achievements," Mr. Flynt remarked.

BUCKY BEAVER'S
New Year's Eve Tip #1

Holiday Festivities + A Loose Chick + Booze = Happy New Year!

PORN FROM THE PAST

THANKS AND $150 go to K.S. of Portland, Oregon, for this old-time pic of a hat-wearing hottie. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

"Were kisses all the joys in bed, one woman would another wed." —*WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, PLAYWRIGHT*

CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD Hilary Duff LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

TOUTING HER NEW "grown-up and sexy" image, onetime pop-tart singer Hilary Duff has been all over the mainstream press recently. Since she is so desperate to shed her good-girl, kiddy persona for that of a sex symbol, we thought we'd help. Oh, yeah, look at Hilary with that dick in her mouth. She sure does look mature and very hot.

DISCLAIMER. Parody picture; no such picture of Hilary Duff actually exists. This composite fantasy image is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose. So stop touching yourself!

HUSTLER MAGAZINE ONLINE

HOW FLYNT EXPOSED SENATOR DAVID VITTER
HUSTLER
FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD
HOLIDAY 2007
IMPEACH BUSH! JOHN NICHOLS Q&A
THE INSIDE STORY SENATOR VITTER SEX SCANDAL
RADIO HOST STEPHANIE MILLER ON FREE SPEECH
BLOGGER TUCKER MAX THE JOY OF MIDGET SEX
MAX HARDCORE: PORN'S BAD SANTA
HOLIDAY ISSUE
AL GOLDSTEIN: "SCREW RELIGION!"
DWEEZIL ZAPPA SPEAKS FRANKLY
PLUS HOLLYWOOD HOOKERS TELL ALL
COVERGIRL FAITH LEON'S GORGEOUS GIFTS

YOUR PRAYERS HAVE BEEN ANSWERED! Now you can view a digital edition of your favorite magazine on the World Wide Web. Simply log on to **HustlerSub.com**, where for a low subscription fee—so low, you won't believe it—you can flip through our pages without ever having to go to the newsstand. All the content you love—sex, politics, cartoons and more sex!—is just a mouse click away. Log on today!

BUCKY BEAVER'S

New Year's Eve Tip #2

Ladies love to blow noise-makers. So make some noise!
HUSTLER

Everybody Loves HUSTLER

INCLUDING PAUL RODGERS, lead singer of Bad Company, Free, the Firm and now Queen. Check out our exclusive interview with the rock legend, beginning on page 98 of this issue.

"There are a number of mechanical devices which increase sexual arousal, particularly in women. Chief among these is the Mercedes-Benz 380SL convertible." —P.J. O'ROURKE, WRITER

NEWSBITES

Playing Chicken

Law-enforcement officials in an Ohio town have devised a new way to punish men convicted of soliciting prostitutes. They are ordering each would-be john to dress up in a giant yellow chicken suit and carry a sign that reads, "No Chicken Ranch in Painesville." Donning fowl attire as punishment? What the cluck?!

Iran So Far Away

Time for all HUSTLER fans to cross Iran off their list of possible vacation spots. It seems Parliament voted in favor of a bill that could lead to the death penalty for anyone involved in the production of pornographic films. That means everybody from the gaffer to the fluffer could be put to death. The Islamic country first held Americans hostage in the 1970s, and now it wants to execute porn stars? Guess it's just another reason for us to hate Iran.

I Am the Walrus

Talk about your porn from the past! How much would you be willing to pay for a 12,000-year-old mummified walrus penis? Sad to say, that is not a rhetorical question. A recent auction in Beverly Hills, California, offered the marine mammal's manhood, which is believed to be the oldest-known penile fossil ever found. That's one old dick. And we thought Billy Graham was the oldest dick around.

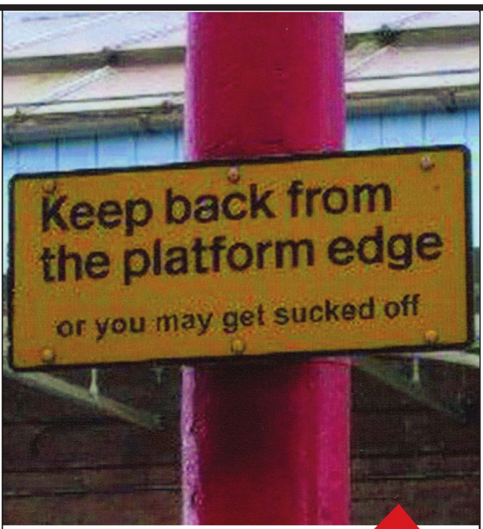
Read My Lips

Seems we're not the only folks who love a pretty pussy. British women are lining up in droves to undergo cosmetic surgery on their genitalia, primarily labial reductions. London hospitals are reporting that an average of 800 or more procedures are being performed annually. Who can blame a chick for wanting a designer vagina? After all, loose lips sink ships.

DIRTY PICTURES

ANNE RINESTONE—whose stark, edgy and erotic images have appeared everywhere from the *New York Times* and the *Village Voice* to HUSTLER—has been photographing "beautiful people" for more than three decades. Her latest project involves compiling a photo history of the sexual revolution. For information on ordering archival prints, send an e-mail to ***AnneRinestone@hotmail.com***.

© Anne Rinestone



Sign of the Times

WE ARE ALL FOR TRAVELING, especially if there is a chance of getting sucked off. Thanks to K.F. of Hackensack, New Jersey, for providing this shot.

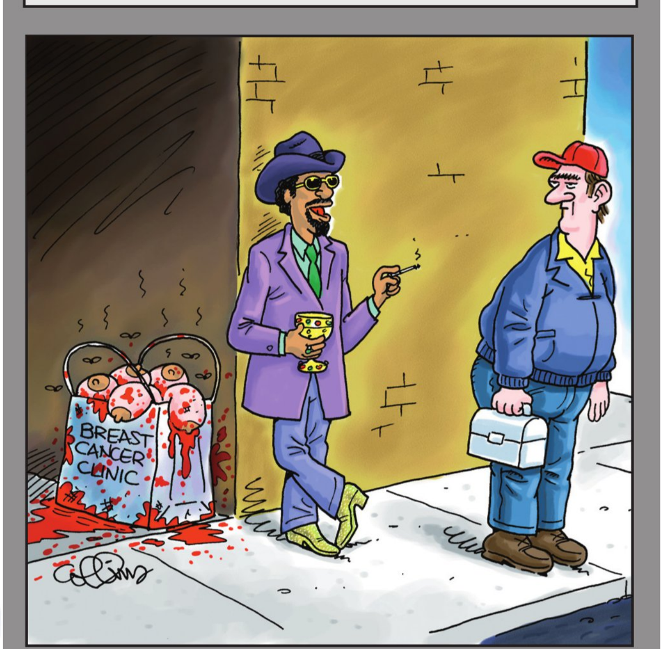
Have you seen a funny sign? Snap a photo and mail it off to HUSTLER, "Sign of the Times," c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we print the picture, we'll send you a signed check for a hundred bucks.

BUCKY BEAVER'S

New Year's Eve Tip #3

It's the only night of the year when it's okay for straight guys to watch balls drop.
HUSTLER

"MOST TASTELESS CARTOON"



"Psst, dude, you into titty-fucking?"

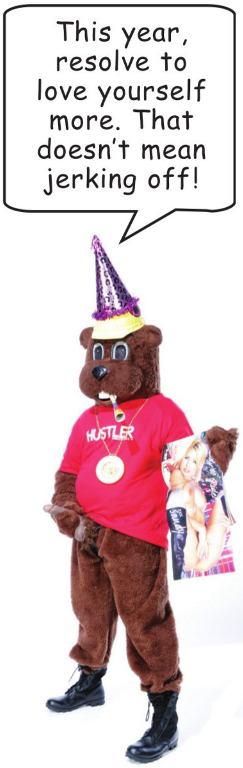
"Does it really matter what these affectionate people do—so long as they don't do it in the streets and frighten the horses!" —MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL, STAGE ACTRESS

HUSTLER
Club Girl #6

STARTING THE NEW YEAR OFF is sweet Lucy, a pole-polishing princess from Larry Flynt's HUSTLER Club in Cleveland. We know what you're saying: "Do *all* your hot dancers work at that establishment?" Seems so. That's why you should be booking a flight to Cleveland right now.

Meanwhile, the naughty Ohioan shares a wicked fantasy: "I'd love to have sex in my old church." Tell Lucy you spotted her in HUSTLER, and she may make you see God.

BUCKY BEAVER'S
New Year's Eve Tip #4


This year, resolve to love yourself more. That doesn't mean jerking off!
HUSTLER

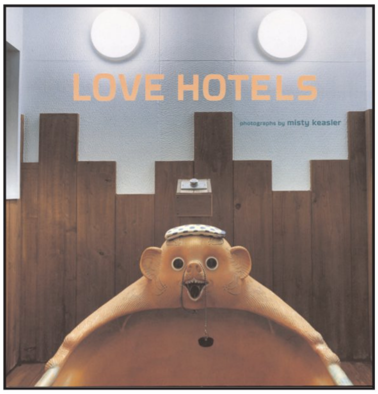
"Did you ever notice the women who are against abortion are the women you wouldn't want to fuck in the first place?" **—GEORGE CARLIN, COMIC**

HUSTLER BOOK CLUB

SEAL OF APPROVAL HUSTLER SEAL OF APPROVAL

LOVE HOTELS

PHOTOGRAPHS
BY MISTY KEASLER

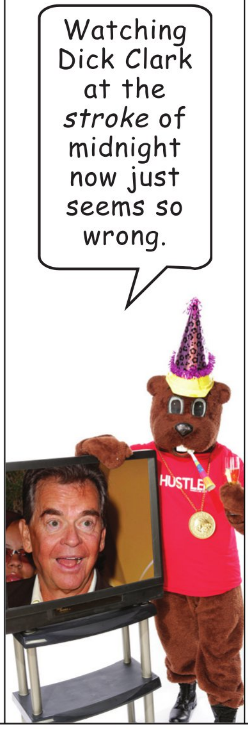

LOVE HOTELS
photographs by misty keasler

LEAVE IT TO THE JAPANESE to come up with something as twisted as love hotels. Sexually suppressed for centuries, the Land of the Rising Sun now has lodgings offering lavish fantasy chambers—Subway Room, Alien Abduction Play Area and Arctic Room, to name a few—that can be rented on an hourly basis for sexual trysts and illicit liaisons.

Award-winning photographer Misty Keasler provides an intimate look at these thematic love nests, which cater to a variety of carnal tastes and fetishes. Checking out this fascinating chronicle may have you checking in.

Love Hotels, featuring 80 full-color photos, is available at bookstores everywhere.

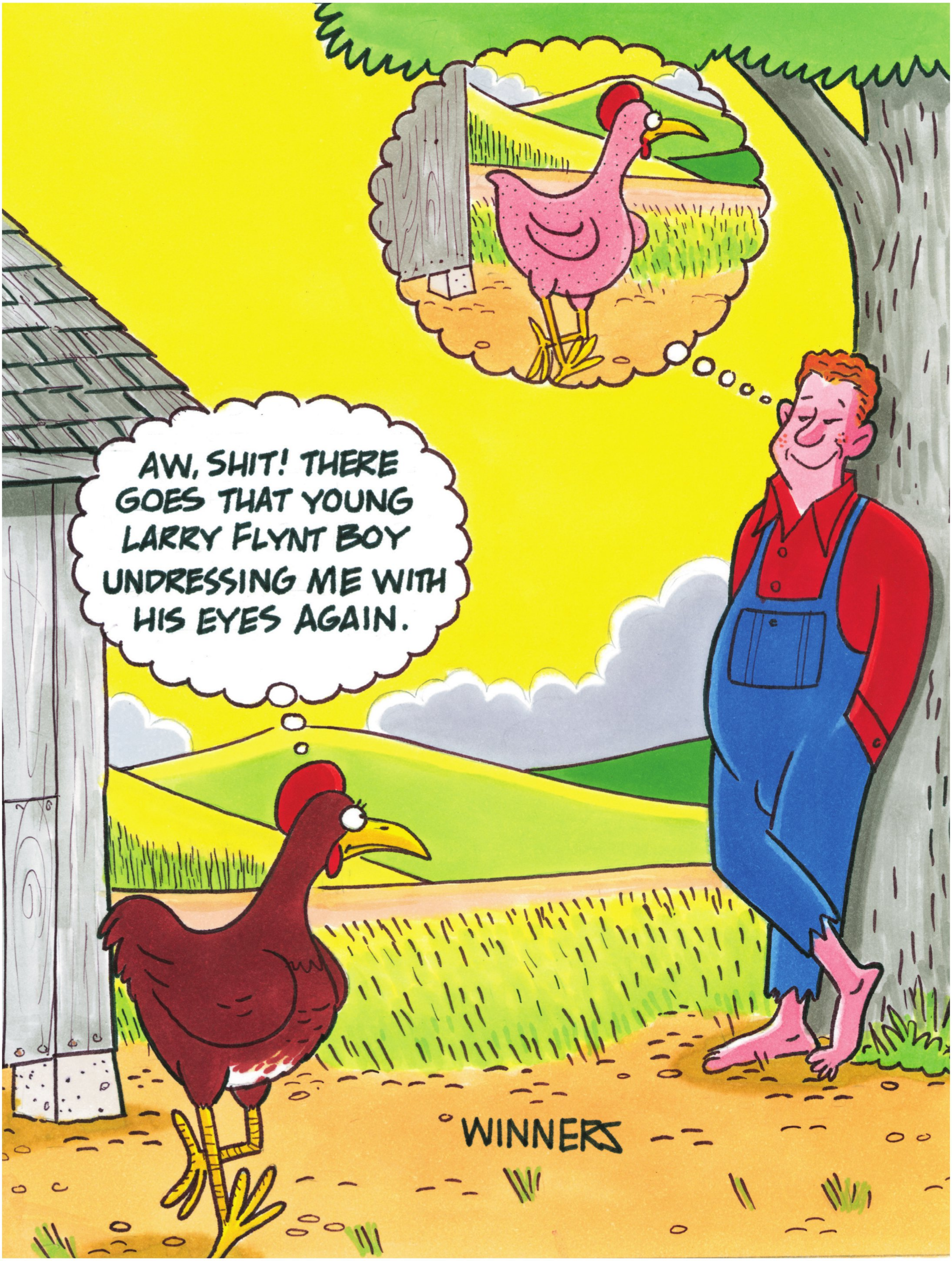
BUCKY BEAVER'S
New Year's Eve Tip #5


Watching Dick Clark at the *stroke* of midnight now just seems so wrong.
HUSTLER

Flynt on Film

LARRY FLYNT: THE RIGHT TO BE LEFT ALONE, a new documentary directed by Joan Brooker-Marks, weaves archival footage, news clips and contemporary interviews as it focuses on the HUSTLER publisher's battles for freedom of the press. Flynt's best-known courtroom showdown—previously depicted in 1996's *The People vs. Larry Flynt*—was with the Reverend Jerry Falwell over an outrageous parody ad. Larry won the groundbreaking "preacher vs. pornographer" case in a unanimous Supreme Court decision.

The compelling documentary reveals that Flynt's free-speech struggles extended beyond sexually related matters. During the 1980s, HUSTLER exposed that the drug-trafficking bust of auto magnate John DeLorean was FBI entrapment. Flynt also fought the Bush Administration when it banned journalists from covering the U.S.-led war in Afghanistan. *The Right to Be Left Alone* cements Larry Flynt's role as a First Amendment hero.


AW, SHIT! THERE GOES THAT YOUNG LARRY FLYNT BOY UNDRESSING ME WITH HIS EYES AGAIN.
WINNERS

A NICE WAY TO SPEND THE DAY

NATASHA NICE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY J. STEPHEN HICKS

Natasha is nice: “I love the fact that guys right now are pleasuring themselves to these photos. I think I have a hot body, and I’m flattered that someone would get off just by looking at me. God has blessed me with the ability to give pleasure, and I need to share that gift with as many people as possible.”

Natasha is also nasty: “There is nothing that I won’t do when it comes to sex. I will try anything once, and if it gets me off, I’ll do it again and again. I recently discovered anal, and now I can’t keep a cock out of my ass. Some people think anal sex is dirty, but I think it’s fucking hot!”

Natasha is now single: “I had this really possessive boyfriend who never let me have any fun. A couple of times I picked up another hot girl at a bar and brought her home to play. My boyfriend just freaked out. I can’t be with a guy who doesn’t think a threesome is a good idea. That’s only one of the reasons why I just dumped him.”

Being nice, nasty, single and drop-dead gorgeous makes **Natasha** perfect in our book.

NATASHA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Reseda, California
AGE: 20
BIRTH SIGN: Leo
HEIGHT: 5-3

BARELY LEGAL #74

See Natasha Nice spice up *Barely Legal #74* and *Barely Legal P.O.V.* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

TITILLATING FILL-IN

I like tits. I mean, I really, really like tits— from big, fat boomers to middling mams to tiny, mouthful ta-tas. I like to push my face into a woman's cleavage and play motorboat. *Brrrrr.* Sometimes I get creative. Tit sundaes are a favorite: lapping whipped cream from the wide curves at the base all the way up to cherry-capped nipples. But most of all, I love slipping my dick between huge knockers. When I push them together and smother my log in sweet tit flesh, that's Heaven, pure and simple.

My wife, Tina, says I have a problem. She claims I never look a woman in the eye. My spouse, who has a nice set of Ds, even hinted that I'm booby-obsessed and that I don't pay enough attention to the rest of her body in bed, that her poor pussy "feels neglected."

To cure me of my "problem," Tina had been denying me tit play for the past month! If you ask me, that was cruel and unusual punishment—and might explain why I fell so hard and deep into Ms. D.'s cleavage.

I work for an advertising agency, and Ms. D. was the head honcho's new secretary, assistant or whatever the fuck they're called these days. After 30 days with no jugs in my face, meeting Ms. D. was like crawling through the desert and finally reaching an oasis.

Ms. D.—a tall, blond drink of vodka—had mile-long cleavage. Creamy and inviting, it plummeted forever, with every inch on full display thanks to a tight, black V-neck sweater. When we were introduced, God knows I tried to look her in the face, but I just couldn't get my gaze to rise past the most incredible bosom I had seen in my entire life.

I was sure I had offended her. I pictured my calls to the boss being accidentally dropped and my paperwork mysteriously lost from here on out. Since my eyes refused to move up that high, I didn't notice the smirk on Ms. D.'s, er, Cynthia's face. But she told me about it later, right before letting me smother my face in breast flesh while simultaneously twisting both her nipples between thumbs and forefingers. Cynthia knew how to treat an adoring fan.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. Following that embarrassing introduction, I was surprised when Cynthia asked me out for a drink after work. The thirtysomething said she had just moved to town and wanted to get to know her coworker better.

Four scotch and sodas later, I was practically drooling over my companion's magnificent mounds. Our fifth round arrived, and I was about to utter all kinds of inappropriate, potentially litigious remarks when Cynthia beat me to the punch. "Honey," she purred, "let's go someplace where you can titty-fuck these beauties. I know you've been wanting to ever since we met."

I tried to smile nonchalantly, but I'm sure it came out as a lecherous grin. Whatever, the cards were on the table, and 20 minutes later, we were at Cynthia's place, with me quickly diving in.

Without doubt, Cynthia sported the most breathtaking headlights I'd had the pleasure of making love to: big, creamy and firm, but with just enough wobble to let you know they were all-natural. I indulged myself in a full minute of motorboat—*brrrrr*—rolling my tongue up and down her torpedoes before latching onto each nipple in turn and suckling hard.

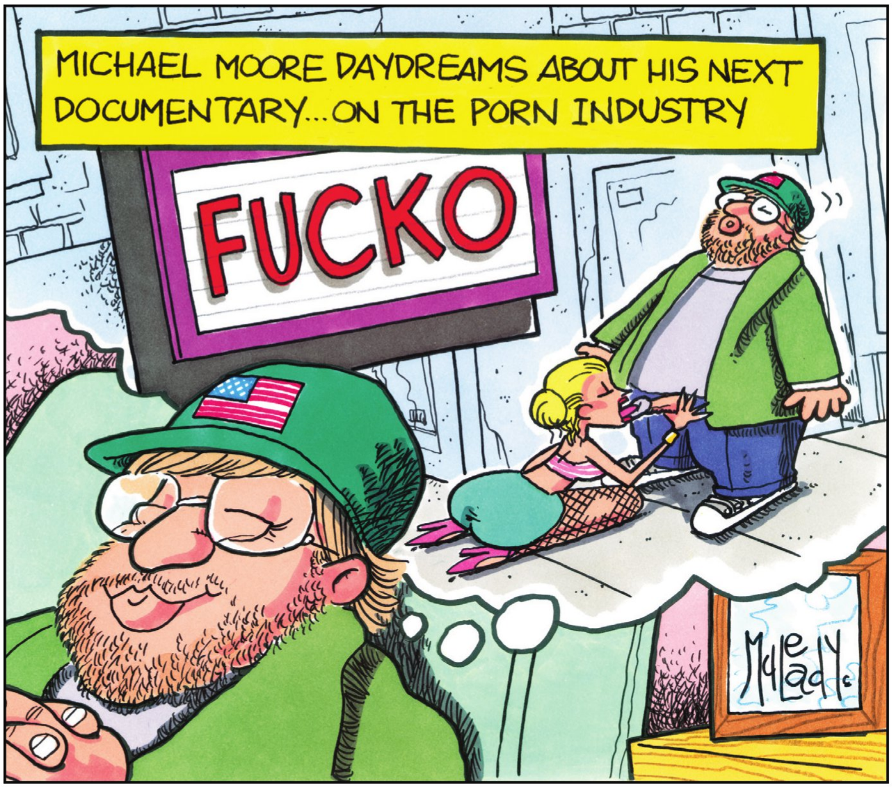
Moaning contentedly, Cynthia soon tugged my head from a spigot and demanded, "Come on, baby, slip your hard dick between my big, fat titties!"

I licked all over, spreading my spit till Cynthia's valley was slick and shiny. Then I pressed in on the sides of those delicious hooters and slowly pressured my cock into the tunnel I'd created. And Cynthia was on the same page with me. Every time my pecker pushed through the ridge, she'd swat her tongue at the flared tip. Once or twice it dicked right into my piss slit. What a wicked woman.

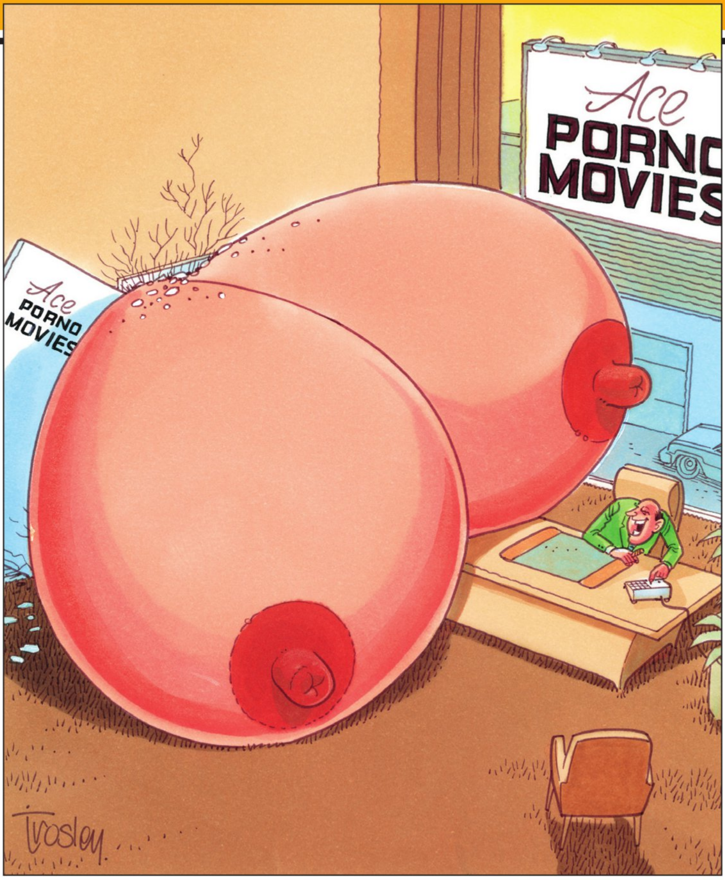
I'd like to say I fucked Cynthia's humongous titties for a full hour. The truth is, it was probably closer to five glorious minutes before I was spraying. But Cynthia didn't bitch. No, she simply opened her mouth and gulped every spurt, even smacking her lips.

That was a week ago. Last night my wife finally gave me some mam action again. Tina actually said she'd missed it. I guess that means I should give Cynthia up, but—no way! —S.T.

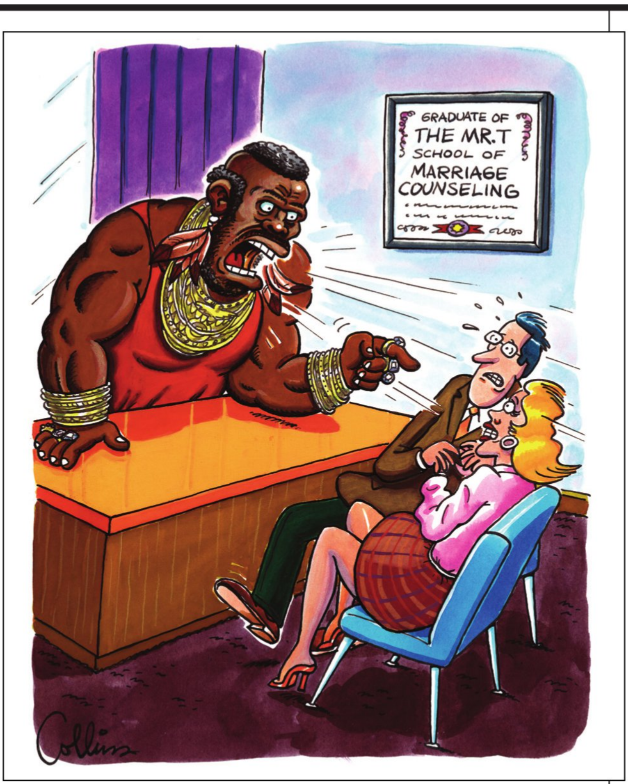
NEW YORK, NEW YORK


MICHAEL MOORE DAYDREAMS ABOUT HIS NEXT DOCUMENTARY...ON THE PORN INDUSTRY
FUCKO
McLeady

Send your personal sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

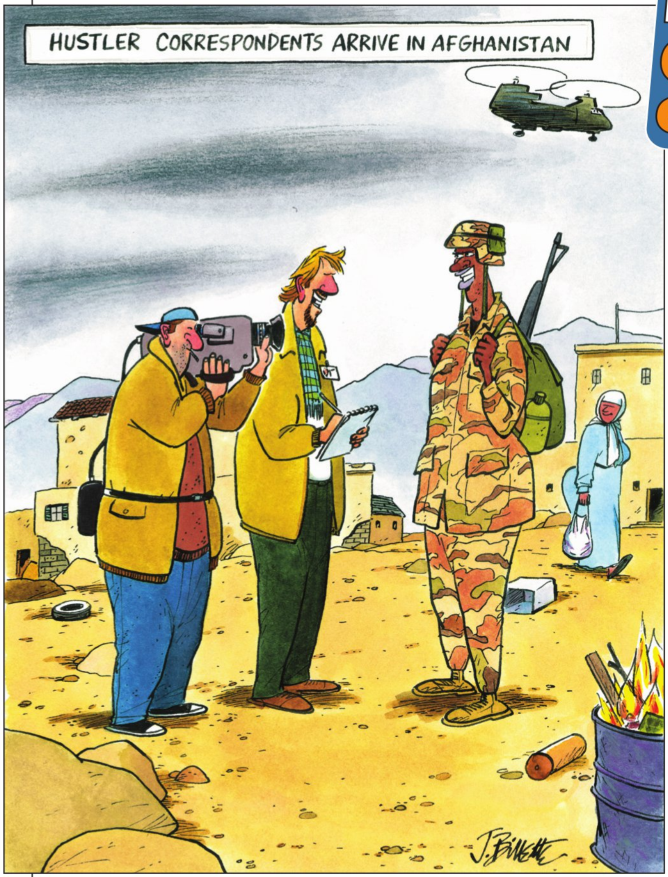

Ace
PORNO
MOVIES
Ace
PORNO
MOVIES
Trosley

"Miss Murray, get in here with one of our long-term contracts!"

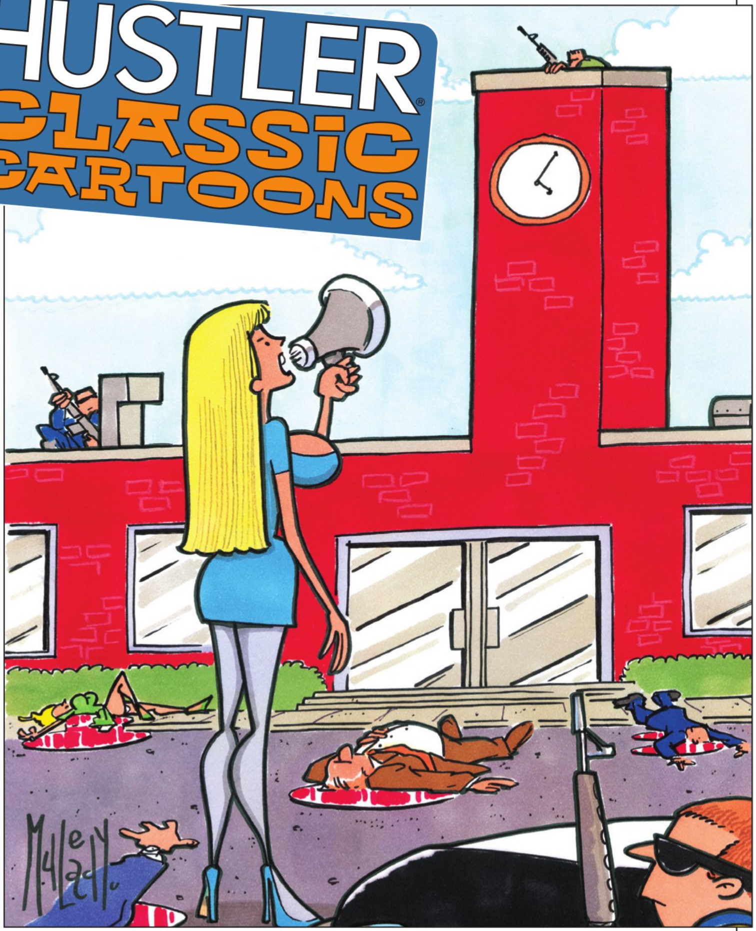

GRADUATE OF
THE MR.T
SCHOOL OF
MARRIAGE
COUNSELING
Collins

"You two'd better patch things up, or I'll knock both your wimp heads together!"

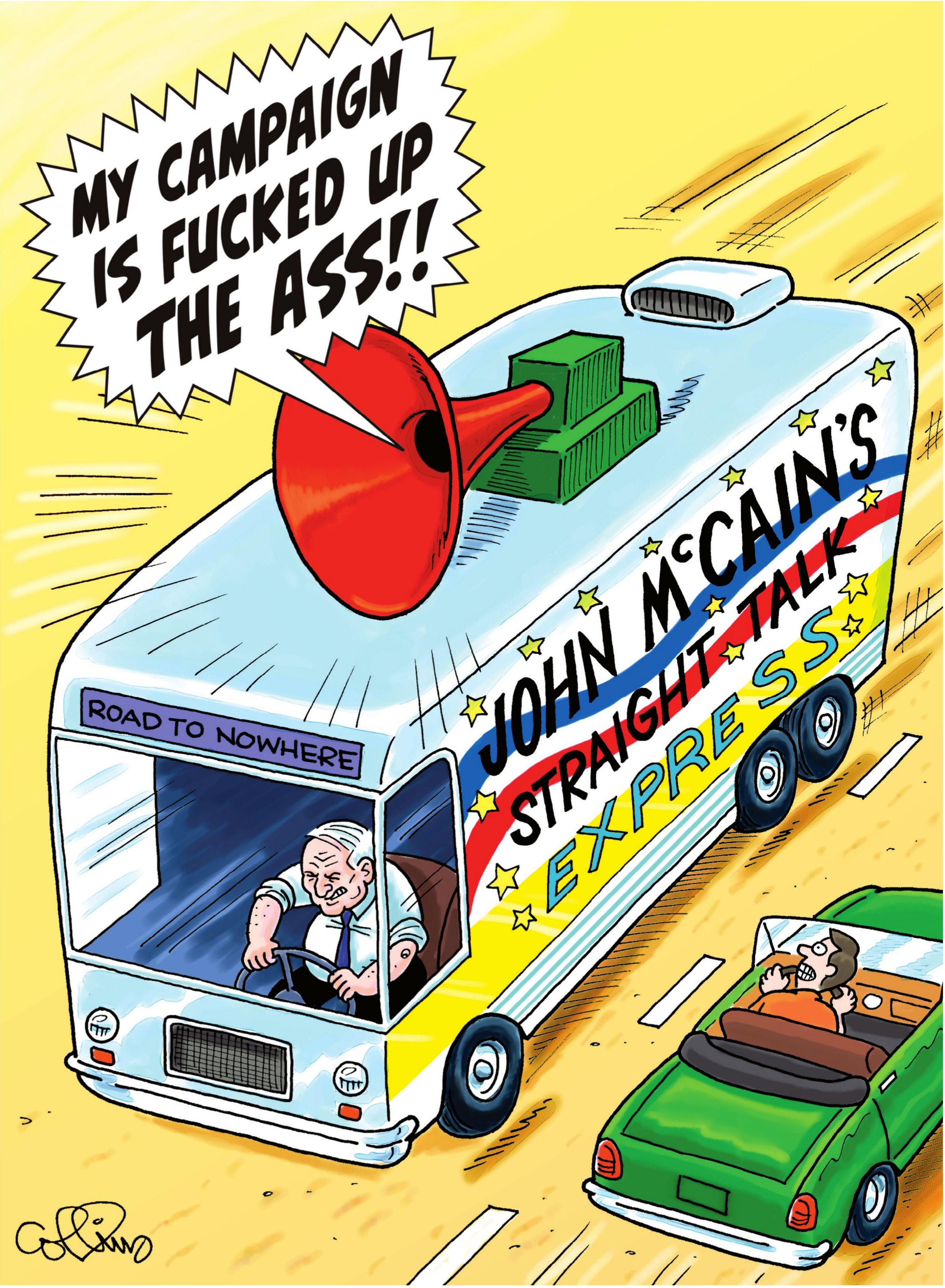
HUSTLER® CLASSIC CARTOONS

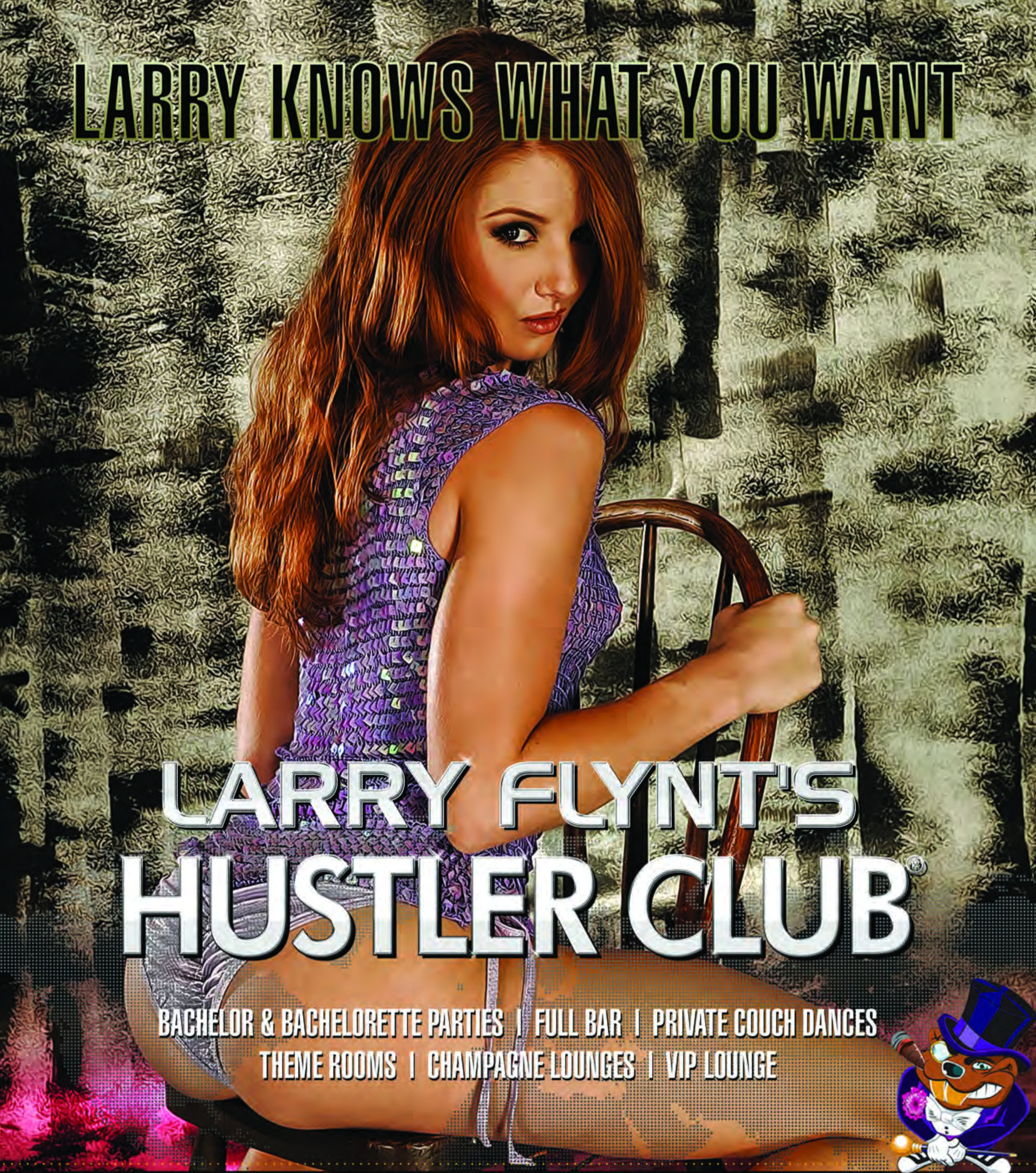

HUSTLER CORRESPONDENTS ARRIVE IN AFGHANISTAN

"Tell me, soldier, what's that Islamic booty like?!"



"Okay, Tim. Give yourself up, and I'll let you come in my mouth!"


MY CAMPAIGN IS FUCKED UP THE ASS!!
JOHN McCAIN'S STRAIGHT TALK EXPRESS
ROAD TO NOWHERE



LARRY KNOWS WHAT YOU WANT

LARRY FLYNT'S
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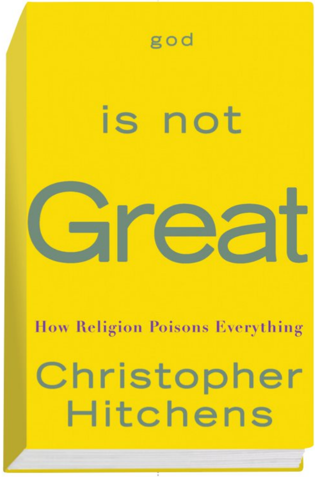
CHRISTOPHER HENS VS. GOD:

DEVIL'S ADVOCATE TAKES ON RELIGION

BY BRUCE DAVID AND ED RAMPELL

BRITISH-BORN CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS—author, journalist and *Vanity Fair* contributing editor—is infamous for his acid-tipped tongue and pen. The Marxist-turned-conservative's numerous books include a scathing indictment of Mother Theresa. When Pope John Paul II nominated the nun for sainthood, Hitchens was summoned by the Vatican to literally play the role of "devil's advocate," denouncing her. "I represented the devil pro bono in this hearing," Hitchens gleefully told us at the Sunset Strip's Sky Bar. Chain-smoking and drinking, the acerbic contrarian discussed his latest book, *God Is Not Great: How Religion Poisons Everything.*



What prompted you to write *God Is Not Great*?

I had previously said: "The atheists have won the argument. No need really to write a book." So why did I change my mind? First is the effect of 9/11, when I realized religion will be the big subject for the rest of our lives, that the war against theocracy and religious fascism will go on for the rest of my life, and pretty much my children's lives too.

Does that include American theocracy?

The principal fight is against Islamic fascism. Of course, lots of churches, at least implicitly, are on the same side as them. Falwell and Robertson virtually praised the attackers by saying they were doing God's work and punishing the U.S. for adultery, "faggotry," etc.

There is the attempt in this country to revive the stupid idea of creationism and stultify children by trying to get this stupidity taught in school. Everywhere you look, there's some evil stupidity coming at you from the godly. The President, who keeps saying "God bless America" whenever he can't think of anything else to say. A pope who says, "Well, maybe limbo wasn't true after all, sorry about that, but we think there should be more emphasis on Hell," and "AIDS in Africa is pretty bad, but not as bad as condoms would be."

So I thought: *Fuck this. I'll write a book saying everything I can think of against them, all in one place, rather than just do it piecemeal.* The book went straight to number one on the *New York Times* Best-Seller List. The same happened to Richard Dawkins, to Sam Harris, to Daniel Dennett. There are four or five really solid atheist books out there now, all of them doing very well.

Why have books like these come out now?

With all of us, the 9/11 moment was catalytic because we suddenly realized we can't take Enlightenment values [for granted] anymore. Or the First Amendment. They're under serious attack. The churches are very feeble about defending Western traditions. I noticed this in '89, when the *fatwa* was issued against Salman Rushdie. Almost all of the religious leadership in the world supported the Ayatollah on this, at least to the extent of saying the problem was not Khomeini offering to pay for murder, but Salman writing a book that disrespected religion.

Same with the Danish cartoons in 2006. The Muslims started to destroy the Danish economy and burn Danish embassies, etc. What does the Vatican condemn? The cartoons—because they're blasphemous. Same with our State Department. [*Hitchens became a U.S. citizen in April 2007.*]

So you get all these people that are effectively in the same corner, and that's where I want to herd them, put them in together, identify, isolate and destroy them.

I told my publishers, "I want to start the book tour in the South." We launched it in Little Rock, Arkansas, just to check the temperature. Everywhere we went we challenged believers to get a debate going. I've debated now several Baptist ministers, a Buddhist nun, a rabbi, a charismatic Catholic Hispanic in Florida and Marvin Olasky—the guy who thought up Bush's faith-based initiative—in Texas. Everywhere on the tour, huge crowds. Almost all sympathetic to me.

Nobody tried to lynch you?

No. At one point, I had a bit of luck, which was that scumbag Falwell died while I was in the middle of my Southern tour, and I remember deciding to say what I thought about him at some huge event in North Carolina, in a church full of people: "If you gave him an enema, you could bury him in a matchbox," which I later repeated on Fox-TV. There

PHOTO BY CHRISTIAN WITKIN

was silence for a minute, and I thought, *I've gone too far now!* The silence lasted for one more second, and there was a storm of applause and laughter.

They didn't want you thinking that they're all rednecks and dumbasses in the South. They're not, by the way.

What's your view of fundamentalists in America?

They're greatly overestimated. People like Falwell, Robertson, etc., make very good copy, especially for journalists. Every time an English journalist in Washington hasn't got a story, you can almost always get one out of some amazing piece of stupidity from a Southern Baptist. The truth is the following: They've tried with school boards and local courts in Texas, Kansas, Oklahoma and the most conservative part of Pennsylvania to get "intelligent design" into the schools.

By the way, I call it "creationism." That's what it is. The only smart thing about it is getting us to call it intelligent, which we shouldn't. These are very conservative areas; they've been completely defeated everywhere they've tried. The courts have thrown it out, and they've been voted off the school board as well. They've been smashed. There are not enough of them to establish a Christian regime in this country. They act as if they're the majority; they aren't.

They can be taken. And I'm speaking as someone who has gone to their home turf and challenged them and taken them on. People laugh at them. But they need to be watched closely because they are incredibly nasty, they're fairly well-organized, and they have not a stranglehold, but a big grip on elements of the Republican Party. There are lots of them in junior levels of the Bush Administration, which is annoying. I don't mean to underestimate them.

The really worst thing about Robertson and Falwell, among a huge many horrible things, is they want the world to come to an end. That's the dangerous thing about them. They really want that. They can't wait. Same with the messianic Jews and, of course, with the Muslims. Actually, it's true of all religion. It has to hope that the end is coming soon. That's why it's poisonous.

That a number of well-organized groups all across the planet want to see Armageddon is definitely a problem.

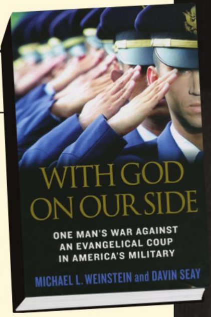
Iranian mullahs believe in the tooth fairy called the Heavenly

(continued on page 104)

MIKEY ON FANATICAL FUNDAMENTAL

IT'S "ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS!" AS THE PENTAGON IS COMMANDEERED BY THE MILITARY-EVANGELICAL COMPLEX.

INTERVIEW BY BRUCE DAVID AND ED RAMPELL


WITH GOD ON OUR SIDE
ONE MAN'S WAR AGAINST AN EVANGELICAL COUP IN AMERICA'S MILITARY
MICHAEL L. WEINSTEIN and DAVIN SEAY

AIR FORCE ACADEMY GRADUATE MIKEY WEINSTEIN was born into a military family that has served from World War I to Iraq. For three years the Republican was a Reagan White House lawyer and eventually the Iran-Contra investigation's committee management officer. Weinstein was also Ross Perot's general counsel. Despite his conservative background, in 2006 Weinstein established the nonprofit Military Religious Freedom Foundation, and he coauthored 2007's *With God on Our Side* and appeared in the documentary *Constantine's Sword*. HUSTLER explores why this thorn in the Pentagon's side warns of "an unbelievable fusing of our Defense Department with Christian dominionist dogma."

HUSTLER: How widespread is the evangelization of America's military?

MIKEY WEINSTEIN: The Pentagon admits we have 737 military installations. On every one there's now an Officers' Christian Fellowship. Some have a multiple. We understand there are as many as 39 OCF-sponsored Bible study groups at Fort Leavenworth alone. For enlisted men, there's a Christian Military Fellowship. They're unabashed about the goals that they regard as more important than the oaths they swore, "to support and defend the Constitution."

The first goal is to see a spiritually transformed military. Goal number 2, [servicemen will become] ambassadors for Christ in uniform. Goal number 3, empowerment by the Holy Spirit.

Fort Leavenworth's official Army Web site had some of the most virulent anti-Semitism imaginable. They pulled it down after we went public with it.

The most popular joke at the Air Force Academy in 2004-2005 was: "Why do Jews make the best magicians? Because Jews have the ability to walk into a building and come out the smokestacks in a puff of smoke."

The Constitutionally mandated separation of metaphysical and physical, spiritual and nonspiritual, church and state has tipped. The wall separating metaphysical and physical is gone. It's a Pentacostal Pentagon now. There is no Department of Defense—it's a faith-based initiative.

When did you first encounter anti-Semitism in the military?

My first year as an Academy cadet was [when] 1973's Yom Kippur War started. I'm not the most observant Jew, but I wanted part of my paycheck given to the United Way, because I knew it included the United Jewish Appeal. I must have pissed somebody off, because I was assaulted and knocked unconscious twice within eight days. I received notes under the door with swastikas on them, threatening my life, my parents' life.

I was 18, never given a lawyer; I was completely fucking alone. The Academy asked me

WEINSTEIN

ISTS

PHOTO BY ED RAMPELL

to confess that I was doing this to myself—how do I beat myself up? My roommates and I watched the notes come in under the door. We literally had an Office of Special Investigations officer hiding in our closet in order to catch the culprits. I was so stunned, I did something I carried as guilt for a long time: I struck another OSI agent in his office. I started crying like a little baby, ran back to my dorm and waited to get shot. They never came after me.

I went to a cousin, who contacted the *New York Times*. The attacks stopped; it was an anomaly, not systemic. I was a varsity athlete, squadron commander twice, graduated with honors. I just let it go.

But years later your son has similar experiences at the Air Force Academy. Tell us about that.

The Academy had just gone through a much-publicized sexual assault scandal. They fired the four top people, replaced them with others, including some born-again Christian generals. I visited the Academy and saw my youngest son, Curtis, a sophomore. He'd just finished a month of combat survival training. His brother and sister-in-law had just graduated; George W. Bush gave everybody their diplomas.

At the Academy, Curtis didn't look good. He goes, "Dad, I've got to get off base." We drove away. He's tough—Albuquerque wrestling champ, New Mexico Eagle Scout of the Year, went to Academy prep school. We sat in a McDonald's, and I asked, "What did you do?"

He says, "It's not what I've done, Dad. It's what I'm going to do: beat the shit out of the next person who calls me a 'fucking Jew' or accuses us of 'executing Jesus.'" [*Editor's Note: Around this time, cadets had been pressured to watch Mel Gibson's The Passion of the Christ.*]

I went back to being 18, when they didn't prosecute me for striking an officer. It happens again, 31 fucking years later, to my kid.

Are only Jews being targeted?

All the other Jews, Protestants, Catholics—it's massively widespread. Five thousand members of the Marines, Navy, Army and Air Force contacted the Military Religious Freedom Foundation, begging for help. Ninety-six percent are Christians. Three-fourths are traditional Protestants, Presbyterians, Lutherans, Episcopalians, Methodists, Church of God, Church of Christ, Assemblies of God, Baptists. One-fourth of that 96% are Catholics; 4% or 5% are Jewish, Islamic, Jain, Wiccan, atheist, agnostic.

Basically, dominionist-fundamentalist-evangelical Christians are praying/preying on non-evangelicals, saying: "You may have thought you were Christian, but you're not Christian enough for us. Therefore you'll burn eternally in the fires of *(continued on page 106)*

pace
AMERICAN

KILL OR CONVERT

STEPHEN BALDWIN AND THE PENTAGON

BY MAX BLUMENTHAL

STEPHEN BALDWIN, the youngest member of the famous acting brothers, is no longer playing Pauly Shore's sidekick in comedy masterpieces like *Biodome*. These days he has a much more serious calling.

A right-wing, born-again Christian since soon after the 9/11 attacks, Baldwin is now the star of Operation Straight Up (OSU), an evangelical entertainment troupe that actively proselytizes among active-duty members of the U.S. military. As an official arm of the Defense Department's America Supports You program, OSU plans to mail copies of the controversial apocalyptic *Left Behind: Eternal Forces* video game to soldiers serving in Iraq. OSU is also scheduled to embark on a "Military Crusade in Iraq" in the near future. [*Editor's Note: At press time the Pentagon was still finalizing arrangements for OSU's tour of Iraq and Afghanistan.*]

"We feel the forces of Heaven have encouraged us to perform multiple crusades that will sweep through this war-torn region," OSU declares on its Web site. "We'll hold the only religious crusade of its size in the dangerous land of Iraq."

The Defense Department's Chaplain's Office, which oversees OSU's activities, has not responded to several calls seeking comment.

"The Constitution has been assaulted and brutalized," Mikey Weinstein—former Reagan Administration White House counsel, ex-Air Force Judge Advocate (JAG) and founder of the Military Religious Freedom Foundation—recently told this reporter: "Thanks to the influence of extreme Christian fundamentalism, the wall separating church and state is nothing but smoke and debris. And OSU is the IED that exploded the wall separating church and state in the Pentagon and throughout our military."

Weinstein (who's interviewed in this issue, beginning on page 38) continued: "The fact that they would even consider taking their crusade to a Muslim country shows the threat to our national security and to the Constitution and everyone that loves it."

On the surface, OSU appears to be a traditional band of entertainers bringing cheer to American troops around the globe. Founded by champion kickboxer Jonathan Spinks, OSU performs comedy, acrobatic stunts and strongman displays. Its roster includes a former WNBA star, the Flying Wallendas, a ventriloquist and onetime boxing champ Evander Holyfield. "We make no bones about the fact that we are speaking directly to the soldiers of the greatest fighting force in the world," OSU proclaims. "No 'mamsie-pamsie' stuff here!"

But behind OSU's anodyne promises of wholesome fun for military families, the organization promotes an apocalyptic brand of evangelical Christianity to active-duty U.S. soldiers serving in Muslim-dominated regions of the Middle East. Displayed prominently on the "What We Believe" section of OSU's Web site is a condensed passage from the

Book of Revelation (combining portions of Revelation 19:20 and 20:10-15) that has become the bedrock of the Christian Right's End Times theology: "The Devil and his angels, the beast and the false prophet, and whosoever is not found written in the Book of Life, shall be consigned to everlasting punishment in the lake which burns with fire and brimstone, which is the second death."

With the endorsement of the Defense Department, OSU is mailing "Freedom Packages" to soldiers serving in Iraq. These are not your grandfather's care packages, however. Besides pairs of white socks and boxes of baby wipes (according to OSU, included at the apparent suggestion of Iran-Contra felon Oliver North), the parcels contain the controversial *Left Behind: Eternal Forces* video game.

The game is inspired by Tim LaHaye and Jerry Jenkins' best-selling pulp novel series, in which a blood-soaked Battle of Armageddon pits born-again Christians against anybody who does not adhere to their particular theology. In the LaHaye-Jenkins books, nonbelievers are ultimately condemned to "everlasting punishment," while the evangelicals are "raptured" up to Heaven.

Left Behind is a real-time strategy game that makes players commanders of a virtual evangelical army in a post-apocalyptic landscape that looks strikingly like post-9/11 New York City. With tanks, helicopters and a fearsome arsenal of automatic weapons at their disposal, players wage a violent war against United Nations-like peacekeepers who, according to LaHaye's interpretation of Revelations, represent the armies of the Antichrist. Each time a *Left Behind* player kills a U.N. soldier, a virtual character exclaims, "Praise the Lord!" To win, players must kill or convert all the nonbelievers left behind after the Rapture. They also have the option of reversing roles and commanding the forces of the Antichrist.

The producers of *Left Behind* were faced with a storm of controversy after Christian blogger Jonathan Hutson exposed its eliminationist overtones in a series of posts at **Talk2Action.org**. Statements by the Anti-Defamation League, the Conference on American Islamic Relations, the Christian Alliance for Progress and others condemned the video game and demanded that Wal-Mart pull it from its shelves. Even Marvin Olasky—evangelical publisher, intellectual author of "compassionate conservatism" and creator of the George W. Bush Administration's White House Office of Faith Based and Community Initiatives"—denounced *Left Behind.* In a blog posted on the Web site of his *World Magazine*, Olasky described the game's content as akin to "the way homicidal Muslims think."

As a result of the fallout, Left Behind Games fired its senior vice-president and dropped three board members.

This controversy has not deterred OSU from encouraging U.S. troops to play virtual rounds of kill or convert after a hard day of house-to-house searches and counterinsurgency warfare against Iraqi insurgents. What's more, OSU's "Freedom Packages" include a copy of evangelical pastor Josh McDowell's *More Than a Carpenter*—a book not only advertised as "one of the most powerful evangelism tools worldwide," but also published in Arabic. Considering that only a handful of American troops speak Arabic, the book is ostensibly intended for proselytizing efforts among Iraqi civilians.

OSU has cultivated support from the Department of Defense for years, a relationship typified by a planned biblical breakfast at the Pentagon.

Spreading the Gospel to U.S. troops is only one of many crusades Stephen Baldwin has waged in the name of the Lord. In 2006 the actor frequently stationed himself on the sidewalk outside a New York City pornographic video store. There, Baldwin photographed the license plates of people entering the establishment and threatened to publish an ad in a suburban newspaper publicizing the names of patrons.

"In my position, I just don't think I'm supposed to keep my faith to myself," Baldwin told a group of Texas Southern Baptists in 2004. "I'm just doing what the Lord's telling me to do."

With its cadre of celebrity entertainers pushing End Times theology, and the overt support of the Defense Department, Operation Straight Up is hoping to transform Bush's surge into a battle of biblical proportions.

These people just can't keep their faith to themselves.

Max Blumenthal, a Puffin Foundation writing fellow at the Nation Institute, has contributed to The Nation, American Prospect, The Washington Monthly, as well as such Internet sites as Salon.com and HuffingtonPost.com. He's also a Media Matters for America research fellow and blogger at ***MaxBlumenthal.com****. This article was first published online at TheNation.com.*

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THE WALL BETWEEN CHURCH AND STATE

EDWARD TABASH

TODAY'S RELIGIOUS RIGHT, and its representatives on the U.S. Supreme Court, insist that our Constitution was designed to allow government favoritism for religion, generally, over nonbelief. Yet history reveals that the Founding Fathers intended a system in which believers and nonbelievers alike are equal before the law, asserting that government cannot side with religion, even generally, against nonbelief.

When the 55 authors of the original Constitution gathered in Philadelphia in 1787, they refused to pray for guidance, even as deliberations were stymied. The legally operative provisions of the Constitution contain no mention of God. In fact, the only mention of religion is a negative one. Article VI, Section 3, prohibits any religious test for public office.

While the delegates debated whether or not to ratify the Constitution, James Iredel—a future Supreme Court Justice—supported this prohibition against any religious test, declaring that if we value religious liberty, we must allow "pagans" and those "who have no religion at all" to hold office.

That the Founders intended a government mandated to treat believers and nonbelievers equally can be seen from the work of two of America's earliest Presidents. James Madison, conferring with Thomas Jefferson, was the principal author of what was to become the Establishment Clause of the First Amendment. In 1785, four years before submitting its first draft, Madison opposed taxing Virginians for the clergy's benefit.

In 1786, Madison secured passage of his and Jefferson's Virginia Statute for Religious Freedom, which shielded minority viewpoints against the tyranny of the majority, protecting both nonbelievers and religious dissenters. In 1821, Jefferson wrote how happy he was that efforts to dilute this statute—by having it protect only

BY EDWARD TABASH

An outspoken atheist and attorney looks back at one of the Founding Fathers' biggest fears.

Christians—were defeated. The bill protected everyone in their state, even the "infidel of every denomination."

Jefferson and Madison historians believe the two held identical views about the separation of church and state. Certainly, Jefferson was the greatest influence on Madison's thinking regarding government and religion. In 1787, Jefferson published his *Notes on Virginia*, writing: "It does me no injury for my neighbor to say there are 20 gods or no god. It neither picks my pocket nor breaks my leg."

In 1788—writing in the *Federalist No. 52*—Madison not only urged ratification of the Constitution, but also defended the prohibition against any religious test for office. Madison said that public office should be open to "merit of every description" without regard "to any particular profession of faith." In October of that year, Madison wrote a letter to Jefferson, expressing concern that people would deny "infidels" the right to hold office. In this letter, Madison also voiced his fear that the general public would substantially narrow the right to worship as one chooses.

The stage was now set for the First Amendment. The basis for free speech, this crucial provision of our Constitution allows HUSTLER to be published regardless of how vocal any opposition might be. However, the initial words of the First Amendment actually prevent government from promoting religion in any way.

In June 1789, Madison—a member of the very first Congress—proposed an amendment to the Constitution that would have prohibited government from abridging the civil rights of anyone because of religious belief or worship. Madison's first draft also prohibited government from establishing any national religion or denying worship as one sees fit.

While the House of Representatives was debating the proposal, Maryland's Daniel Carroll said "the rights of conscience are, in their nature, of peculiar delicacy, and will little bear the gentlest touch of governmental hand." This shows that the Founders had a deep commitment to prohibiting government from promoting or advocating religion in any way. Their motivation was to preserve the right of individuals to make their own choices about belief or atheism.

When the proposed amendment was ultimately sent to the Senate, something quite remarkable happened: The Senate twice rejected language that could have possibly permitted government favoritism for religion in general. One rejected proposal would have provided that there shall be "no law establishing one religious sect or society in preference to any other." The other rejected proposal would have provided that there shall be "no law establishing any particular denomination or religion in preference to any other."

Either of these proposals could have been interpreted as only prohibiting the government from favoring one religion over another, but not stopping the government from favoring religion generally. However, the rejection of these proposals, along with the final adoption of the much broader language, shows that the Founders intended to prohibit government from favoring religion in *any* way over nonbelief.

The Senate inserted "no law establishing articles of faith or a mode of worship," but the House rejected this language, resulting in the formation of a joint Congressional committee. Madison was part of this committee, which chose the final wording of the Establishment Clause of what was to become the First Amendment. Its edicts included "no law respecting an establishment of religion." This went beyond just prohibiting government from establishing a religion, or establishing articles of religious faith or worship. It unequivocally barred government from making any law that even respected any establishment of religion.

Since Madison was the initial architect of the First Amendment, and Jefferson was his main influence, the commentary of both men on religion and government is powerful evidence of what was intended by the wording of the Establishment Clause. Jefferson, as President, wrote in 1802 that the effect was to "build a wall of separation between church and state."

Madison was so concerned about the accumulation of power by religious institutions that he even had misgivings about religious organizations holding property. While in the White House, Jefferson refused to issue Thanksgiving proclamations because he felt such pronouncements were religious exercises. Madison further opposed tax exemptions for property already owned by religious institutions.

Today a bare majority of only five out of nine Supreme Court justices would preserve government neutrality in matters of religion. If the Religious Right gets one more of its ilk on the High Court, we will lose church/state separation. The Religious Right is a serious threat to our modern liberties, particularly in the realm of personal sexual freedom.

It is a serious contradiction for the Religious Right to lecture us about limited government, and then turn around and try to use the police power of the state to tell us, the American people, what god to believe in and how we must allow that god to limit our options in our intimate choices.

As soon as the next Supreme Court vacancy occurs, we must contact our respective U.S. Senators, urging them to vote against confirming any Presidential nominee who is not committed to preserving the Constitutionally mandated separation of church and state.

Edward Tabash is a Los Angeles-area attorney who chairs the First Amendment Task Force of the Council for Secular Humanism and the Center for Inquiry.

SEAL OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
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BROOKE BELLE
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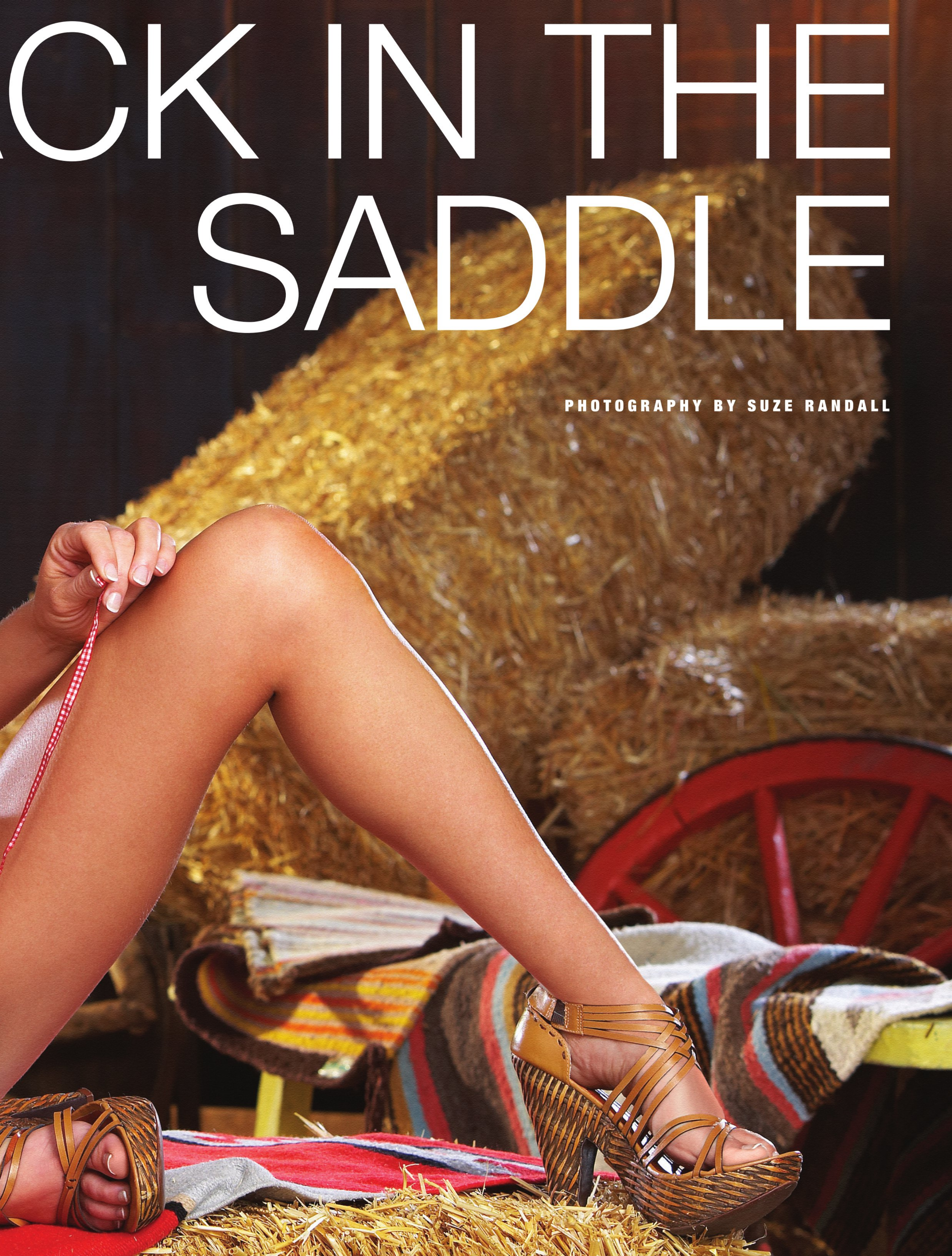
PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL



This unbashful bombshell may hail from the sprawling Los Angeles area, but she's a country girl at heart. "It seems my life would be simpler and more relaxed if all I had to worry about was a good roll in the hay," **Brooke** muses. "I don't wanna do porn my whole life; so maybe one day I'll buy a ranch or something."

What kind of a cowpoke would **Brooke** like to wrangle her? “I need a man who is confident, but not cocky, rude or tacky,” she insists. “I prefer a classy guy who takes control, yet isn’t mean and nasty about it.” And how about the foxy lady’s favorite way to giddyup? “On top for some reverse cowgirl,” **Brooke** hoots. “Riding a guy is yummy!”

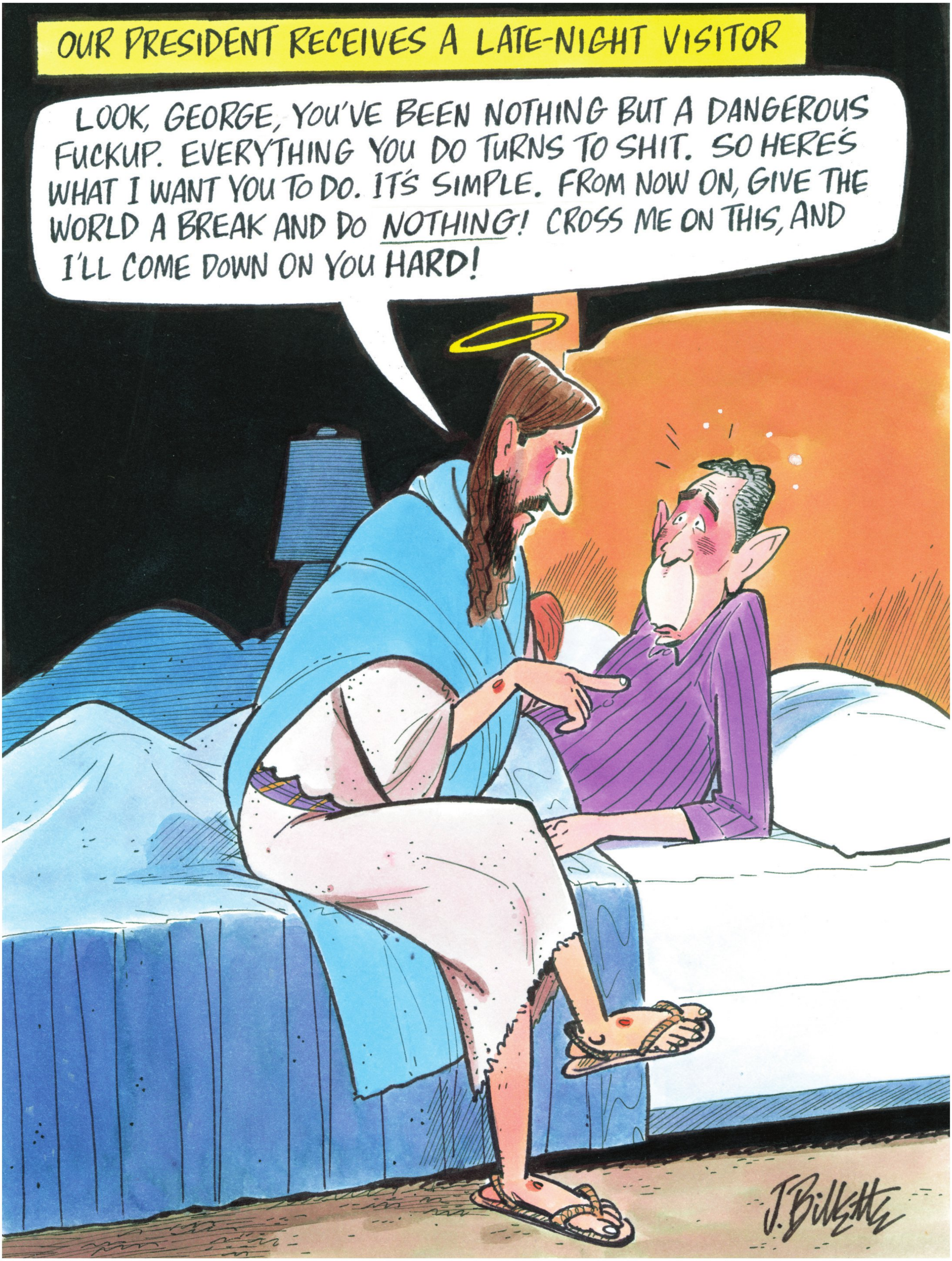
BROOKE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Glendale, California
AGE: 21
BIRTH SIGN: Scorpio
HEIGHT: 5-3

Actually, joyriding is a big part of the fuck bunny's pedigree. "The wildest thing I ever did was steal my mom's car when I was a teenager," **Brooke** recalls. "On the way home I blew out all the tires!"

Now comes a real mind-blower. "I lived with a married couple for three months," the uninhibited bi gal reveals. "I had this great sexual and sensual relationship with them. We got it on all the time. It was great. They put me on a pedestal. Then one day I thought, *Wow! They're going to be together and celebrating anniversaries year after year, but where will I be?* So I ended it."

We know what you're wondering, guys. Is **Brooke Belle** political? "Not really," the knockout remarks, "but I do think Bush and the war is all nonsense, nonsense, nonsense. I just hate it!"


OUR PRESIDENT RECEIVES A LATE-NIGHT VISITOR
LOOK, GEORGE, YOU'VE BEEN NOTHING BUT A DANGEROUS FUCKUP. EVERYTHING YOU DO TURNS TO SHIT. SO HERE'S WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO. IT'S SIMPLE. FROM NOW ON, GIVE THE WORLD A BREAK AND DO NOTHING! CROSS ME ON THIS, AND I'LL COME DOWN ON YOU HARD!
J. Billette

California's "Sin Tax"

Lawmakers want to screw porn.

AS LONG AS THERE HAS BEEN sin, there has been the inevitable "sin tax." Since ancient Rome, which taxed prostitutes, government has sought to shave its share off the bountiful revenues of vice. The latest to capitalize on legalized plunder is California, where a zealous lawmaker is seeking to impose such a levy on one of the Golden State's most lucrative enterprises: adult entertainment.

Sponsored by Assemblyman Chuck Calderon (D-Whittier), State Assembly Bill 1551 would impose a tax on the sale, use, storage and consumption of adult-related merchandise in California. The revenue would be used to combat the so-called secondary effects of having an adult business in a community, ostensibly leading to an increase in crime and reduction of property values.

Fie on that, proclaims the Free Speech Coalition (FSC), the national trade organization for the adult industry, which took its case to the streets—or rather, to the steps of the capitol building in Sacramento. Among those present to protest AB 1551 was none other than civic-minded porn star Mary Carey, who made headlines when she ran for governor in California's 2003 recall election that saw actor Arnold Schwarzenegger prevail.

"Adult products bring in lots of money for the State of California," Carey later declares when asked to comment. "[They] create numerous job opportunities, [and] by putting a tax on it, people are just going to get [their porn] from other states. [This legislation] will hurt California's economy, which I know is an issue, because I ran for governor."

Making note of her peers, Carey continues, "Many [XXX actresses] don't realize all the politics involved. If you're going to be an adult-film star, you should know the laws and also be an advocate for free speech."

Speaking of free speech, Larry Flynt's daughter Theresa Flynt was also present in Sacramento to decry 1551. "If I'm watching porn, does that affect you?" she asks, addressing the secondary-effects argument. "There's no proof [it does]. So why should

Diane Duke, Free Speech Coalition's executive director.

Theresa Flynt and Wicked Pictures executive Joy King.

PHOTOS COURTESY DIANE DUKE

FREE
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Mary Carey (second from right) joins opponents of a proposed porn tax at a rally on the steps of California's capitol building.

they tax our industry?"

During a telephone call to his Sacramento office, FSC lobbyist Matt Gray decries, "There are numerous peer-reviewed studies that disprove the claims within AB 1551. These studies have actually shown that there are *positive* secondary effects as a result of these businesses, such as reduced crime and increased property values."

Even so, the State of California—whose economy is one of the largest on Earth—is billions of dollars in debt. While measures such as Calderon's AB 1551 are aimed at getting the Golden State out of the red, opponents are quick to point out their faults.

For one, the bill would affect not only larger entities such as HUSTLER, but also "mom & pop" enterprises. The measure dictates that any business—from convenience stores to newsstands—that receives more than 5% of its revenue from the sale of adult material would be affected.

"[AB 1551] is antibusiness," Gray goes on to say. "It would place us at an unfair disadvantage to other jurisdictions, both domestic and international."

Representatives of the adult-film industry recently met with Assemblyman Calderon (who did not respond to HUSTLER's repeated interview requests), as well as other lawmakers. FSC Executive Director Diane Duke insists those interchanges were productive.

"The Republicans have vowed there'd be no new taxes," she reports, "and we are making it very, very clear to the people of California that this is a new tax."

Headquartered primarily in L.A.'s San Fernando Valley, the adult industry brings up to $3 billion annually into America's most populous state. Those interviewed for this story nearly all agreed that if the bill passes, the Golden State would wind up *losing* money.

"Businesses will move out of California," Duke warns. "Some of them won't be able to make it with an additional [tax]."

And what about the consumer?

"Consumers have a limited budget already," Gray laments. "Just because a tax increases doesn't mean a consumer's budget is going to increase. [The consumer] will be able to purchase fewer products within that same budget. Fewer products being sold equates to less demand for work in the industry, [which] results in reduced profit margins for the businesses." And, one could reasonably infer, less tax revenue for state coffers.

"[Assemblyman Calderon] believes there is no top to what consumers will pay for adult entertainment," Duke rails. "I think he's fooling himself."

Finally, there is the issue of legality. Greg Piccionelli, a First Amendment attorney with the L.A. firm Piccionelli & Sarno, points out AB 1551's implications for free speech.

"It's popular to pass anti-pornographer legislation," says Piccionelli, who represents many adult-industry clients. "The government cannot pass a law that is directed to the content of speech." And taxing one type of free expression may be a form of censorship.

What's that? You say *you* don't live in California, and therefore AB 1551 is not your concern? Wrong. Sin taxes are rapidly becoming *en vogue* around the country.

"Adult entertainment is mainstream," Diane Duke observes. "Twelve billion dollars [annually nationwide] means that lots of people are utilizing adult entertainment. So it's important these folks are not ashamed to write their legislators and let them know that they won't support anybody who targets the industry."

In conclusion, the FSC's executive director asserts, "Adult entertainment is healthy sexuality. It's legal, responsible businesses, and it's wrong for the government to target it. It's irresponsible, it's unfair and it's just plain wrong."

For additional information or to get involved, visit ***FreeSpeechCoalition.com.***

BY ERIC ALTHOFF

Mary Carey to the Rescue

PORN STAR/POLITICO MARY CAREY has various ideas on how to sweeten California's coffers *without* taxing pornography.

"I would probably make bars and nightclubs stay open until four in the morning and put alcohol in all of the strip clubs," the bombshell proposes. "In Florida, they have them open later, and that brings in more money to the state."

Carey's outrageous, albeit sensible, political platform also includes a "Porn for Pistols" trade program, taxing breast implants, allowing recipients to write off lap dances and installing Webcams in the governor's mansion. "Basically, you can watch the politicians, so you could see where your tax dollars are going," she quips. Surely that's not what Governor Schwarzenegger has in mind for his next blockbuster!

PHOTO COURTESY MARY CAREY PRODUCTIONS

In the meantime, Carey plans to continue throwing her hat into the ring at the local and state level. Even more ambitiously, she has announced her intention to run for President when she turns 35.

"I think I'll make an excellent President," muses Carey, who'd first be eligible to campaign in 2016 and who caused quite a stir in 2005 by dining with George W. Bush at a White House fund-raiser. "I'd go over to Iraq, and I'd go to talk with these world leaders and be like, 'You guys calm down!' Maybe do like a strip routine or something to get everyone happy." Tax that, Sacramento! —*E.A.*

THE GIRLS OF MYSPACE

SCREEN NAME:

Alisha

AGE: 19

STATUS: Single

NUMBER OF MYSPACE FRIENDS: 460

Straight from Legz Club in Martinsburg, West Virginia, comes our latest, and perhaps most uninhibited, MySpace Girl to date. An exotic dancer since turning 18 (while still in high school), Alisha adores the attention her staggering body draws, but finds it "kinda weird when old classmates drop in and see me naked."

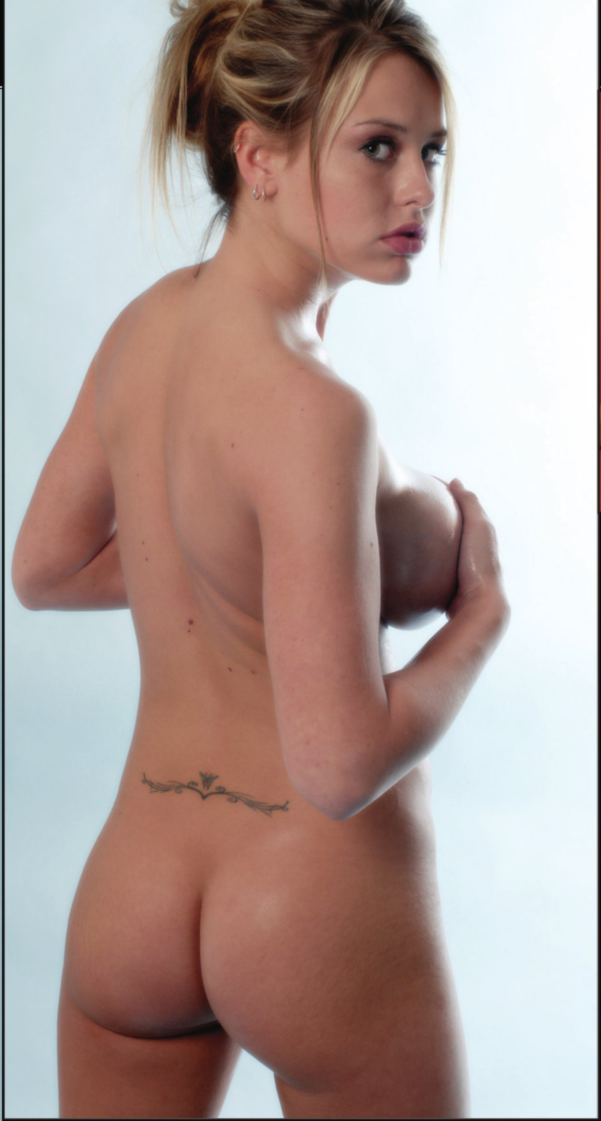
Not only is Alisha an expert on the brass pole—she installed one in her living room for practice—but also on another kind of pole. "I give the best lap dances around these parts," boasts the nimble, 5-foot-3 vixen.

Having slick moves is a tremendous attribute, but they occasionally cause her some chagrin. "It's a little gross when a guy gets off during a dance," she admits, "and I have to keep grinding away while his pants are all wet." Anything but modest, the looker also mentions, "It happens quite a bit!"

Alisha is currently "single and looking," although she's a little wary about finding Mr. Right right now because being in a relationship costs her money. "New boyfriends are always talking me into calling in sick," she grumbles. Nevertheless, Alisha's perfect man will be

THE GIRLS OF MYS

BY TYLER DOWNEY



"nice, outgoing and, most importantly (given the nature of my job), not jealous."

Awaiting the lucky stiff is a true-blue sexpot, whose favorite position is doggy-style. "It just feels better that way," Alisha tells us. "Besides, I like getting my hair pulled and getting choked a little bit."

When asked if she's slept with a girl, Alisha laughs, then exclaims, "Last night! Another dancer and I were sick of the guys we were hanging out with playing Xbox. So we went to the porno shop and bought a strap-on. It was my first time with one of those!"

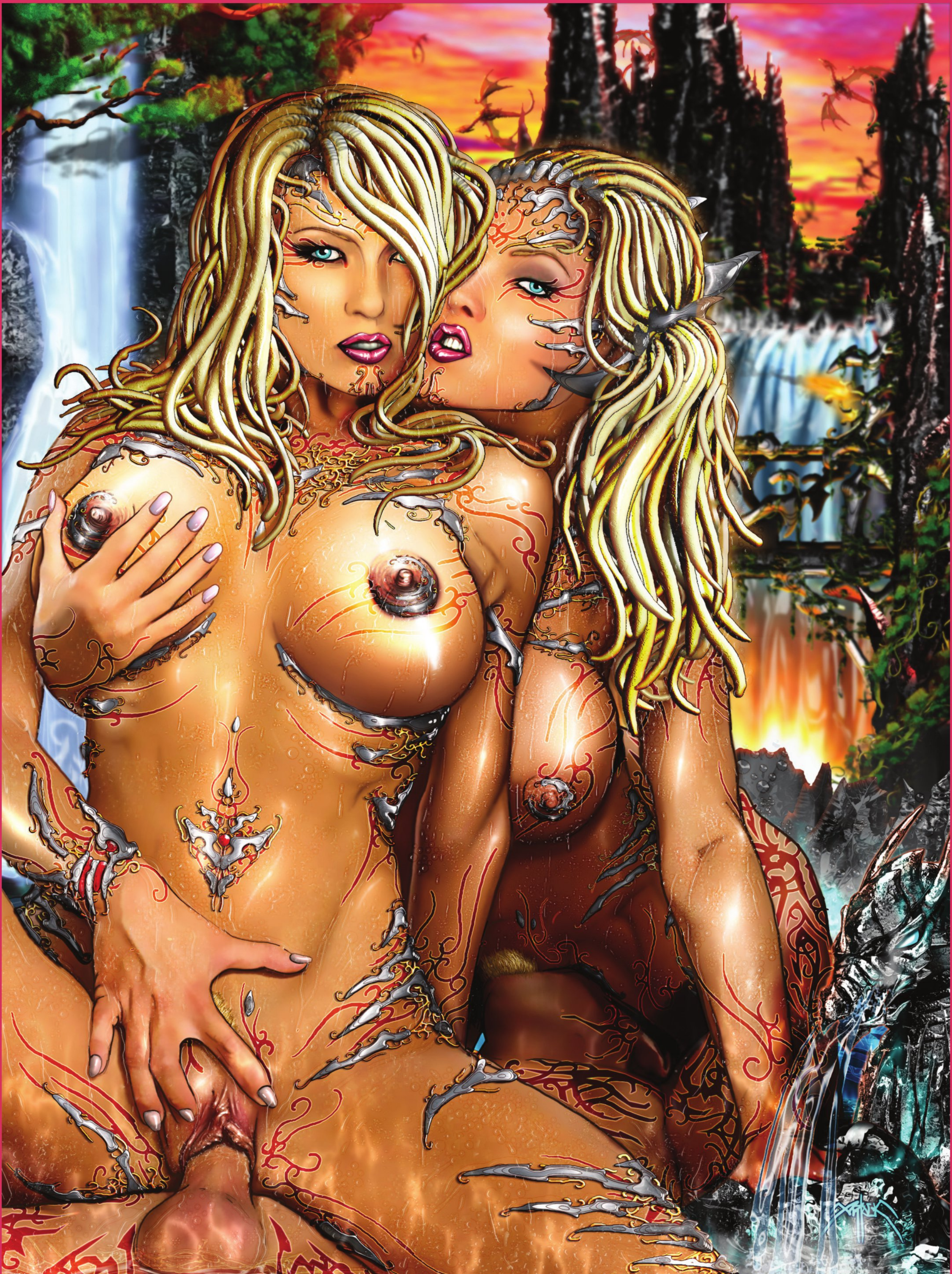
But it wasn't Alisha's first time going bi. That breakthrough occurred when the hottie was a Christmas present for a gal pal's husband. "I put a little gift tag on my belly and everything," Alisha fondly recalls. "We had us a threesome, and when my friend ate me out, it was wonderful."

So is this HUSTLER showcase, which Alisha hopes will propel her to stardom. "I'm so excited to be in my favorite magazine," says the to-die-for West Virginian, who invites all of her new fans to visit her at **MySpace.com/altaylor304** or in person at Legz. She promises it will be worth it!

PACE #12: ALISHA

PACE ★ HUSTLER'S GIRLS OF MYSPACE ★ HU

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of MySpace? If you are 18 or older, send us an introductory message and a photo as instructed at MySpace.com/HustlerMagazine or by e-mailing *Hustler@LFP.com.* And we encourage everyone to visit "The Hottest Ladies of MySpace" (MySpace.com/SexMoney2), which features thousands of photogenic female friends.



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HOT GIRLS
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PORNSTARS!
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We've collected 1000's of beautiful girls who are waiting show you a good time!
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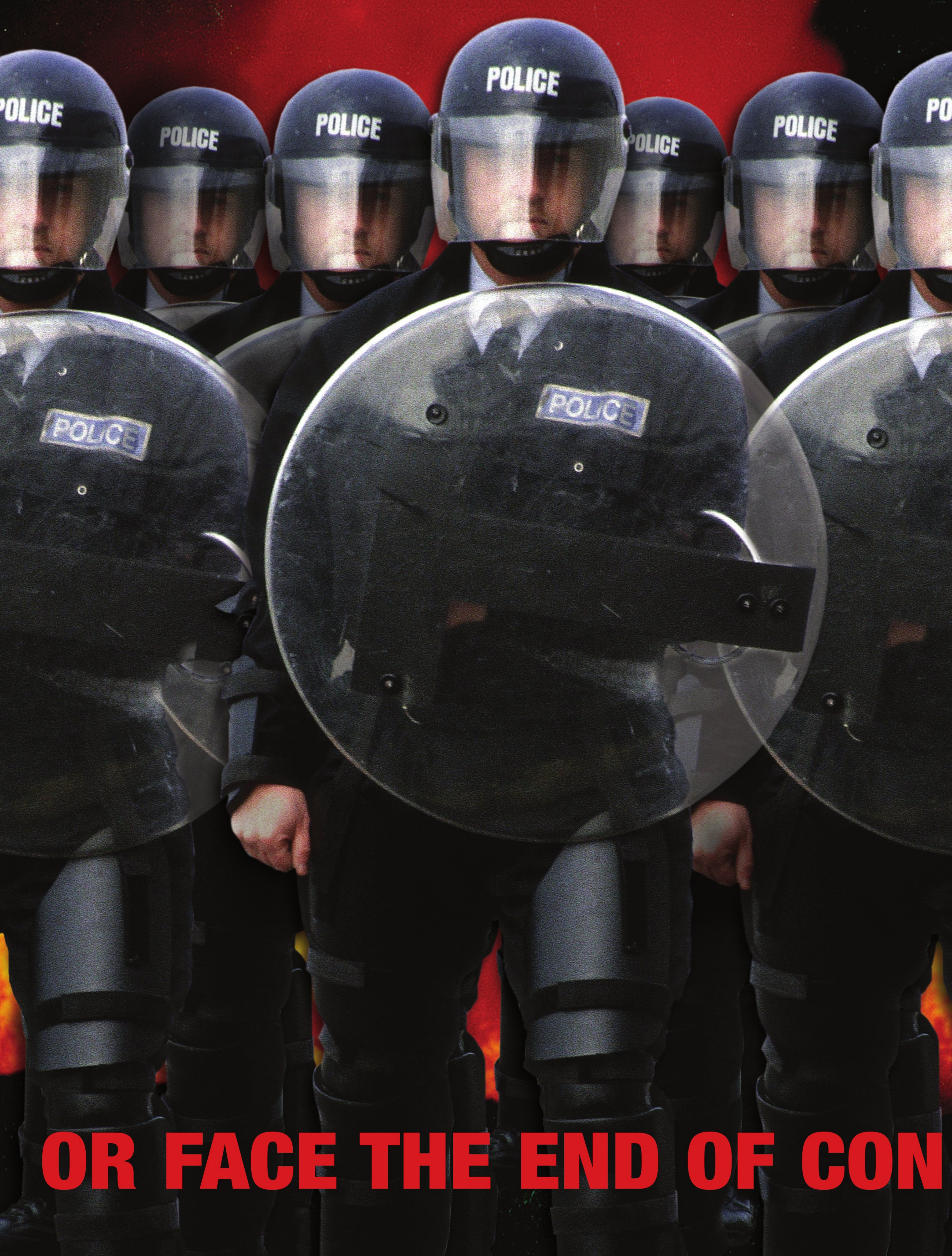
POLICE
OR FACE THE END OF CON

IMPEACH NOW!

BY PAUL CRAIG ROBERTS

UNLESS CONGRESS IMMEDIATELY IMPEACHES BUSH AND CHENEY, a year from now the U.S. could be a dictatorial police state at war with Iran.

Bush has put in place all the necessary measures for dictatorship in the form of "executive orders" that are triggered whenever he wishes to declare a national emergency. Recent statements by Homeland Security Chief Michael Chertoff, former Republican Senator Rick Santorum and others suggest that Americans might expect a series of staged—or false flag—"terrorist" events in the near future.

Many attentive people believe that the reason the Bush Administration will not bow to expert advice and public opinion and begin withdrawing U.S. troops from Iraq is that the administration intends to rescue its unpopular position with false flag operations that can be used to expand the war to Iran.

Too much is going wrong for the Bush Administration: the failure of its Middle East wars; Republican senators jumping ship; Turkish troops massed on northern Iraq's border poised for an invasion to deal with Kurds; and a majority of Americans favoring the impeachment of Cheney and a near-majority favoring Bush's impeachment as well. The Bush Administration desperately needs dramatic events to scare the American people and Congress back in line with the militarist police state that Bush and Cheney have fostered.

Conservative commentator William Norman Grigg recently wrote that the GOP is "praying for a terrorist strike" to save the party from electoral wipeout in 2008. Chertoff, Cheney, the neocon Nazis and the Mossad (Israel's intelligence agency) would have no qualms about saving the bacon for the Republicans, who have enabled Bush to start two unjustified wars, with Iran waiting in the wings to be attacked in a third.

The Bush Administration has tried unsuccessfully to resurrect the terrorist fear factor by infiltrating some blowhard groups and encouraging their members to discuss staging "terrorist" events. Encouraged by federal agents, these conversations resulted in "terrorist" arrests hyped by the media, but even the captive media was unable to scare people with such transparent sting operations.

If the Bush Administration wants to continue its wars in the Middle East and to entrench the "unitary executive" at home, it will have to conduct some false flag operations that will both frighten and anger the American people and make them accept Bush's declaration of "national emergency" and the return of the draft. Alternatively, the administration could simply allow any real terrorist plot to proceed without hindrance.

A series of staged or permitted attacks would be spun by the captive media as a vindication of the neoconsevatives' Islamophobic policy, the intention of which is to destroy all Middle Eastern governments that are not American puppet states. Success would give the U.S. control over oil, but the main purpose is to eliminate any resistance to Israel's complete absorption of Palestine into Greater Israel.

Think about it. If another 9/11-type "security failure" were not in the works, why would Homeland Security czar Chertoff go to the trouble of convincing the *Chicago Tribune* that Americans have become complacent about terrorist threats and that he has "a gut feeling" that America will soon be hit hard?

Why would Republican warmonger Rick Santorum say on Hugh Hewitt's radio show that "between now and November [2007], a lot of things are going to happen, and I believe that by this time next year, the American public's going to have a very different view of this war"?

Throughout this country's existence the government has staged incidents that it has then used on behalf of purposes that it could not otherwise have pursued. According to a number of experts, Israel has routinely conducted false flag operations. During the czarist era in Russia, the secret police would set off bombs in order to arrest suspected troublemakers. Hitler was a dramatic orchestrator of false flag operations. False flag operations are a commonplace tool of governments.

Ask yourself: Would a government that has lied us into two wars and is working to lie us into an attack on Iran shrink from staging "terrorist" attacks in order to remove opposition to its agenda?

Only a die-hard minority believes in the honesty and integrity of the Bush-Cheney Administration and in the truthfulness of the corporate media.

Hitler, who never achieved majority support in a German election, used the Reichstag fire to fan hysteria and push through the Enabling Act, which made him dictator. Determined tyrants never require majority support in order to overthrow a government.

America's Constitutional system is on the verge of being toppled. Will forthcoming "terrorist" events—which Chertoff warns of and Santorum promises—be the means for overthrowing our democracy?

Paul Craig Roberts, assistant secretary of the treasury in the Reagan Administration, was associate editor of the Wall Street Journal*'s editorial page and contributing editor of* National Review*. Also the coauthor of* The Tyranny of Good Intentions *and now a syndicated columnist, he can be reached at* ***PaulCraigRoberts@Yahoo.com.***

STITUTIONAL DEMOCRACY

NEVAEH & CHARLIE LAINE

GET YOUR

LICKS IN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT

Every day hundreds of hot chicks from all across the country step off the bus in Hollywood with their heads full of dreams. Of course, not all roads lead to fame and fortune on the silver screen or television. Thankfully, a lot of mainstream hopefuls end up on the fast track to adult entertainment. Take this pair of mouthwatering Midwesterners, who headed to California with the best of intentions and are now happily knee-deep in porn.

"I always thought I'd be in movies," purrs tawny **Charlie Laine**, a former cheerleader from a small town in Wisconsin. "I just had no idea I'd be naked and having sex."

"I love to have sex all the time," confesses platinum-blond **Nevaeh**, a singing enthusiast who performed in high-school musicals in her native Chicago. "So why not get paid for it?"

Teaming up for this juicy layout was a high note for both hot-to-trot teasers. "It was easily the best day I've had in a while," **Charlie** chirps. "Nevaeh tastes so damn sweet!"

"Charlie taught me a few things," **Nevaeh** marvels. "I consider myself experienced, but wow!"

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HUSTLER VIDEO

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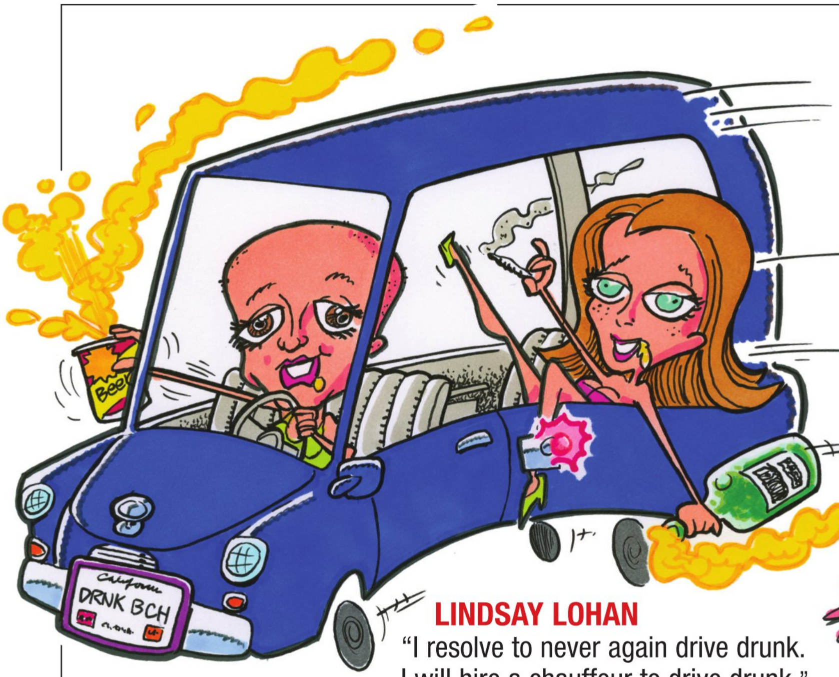
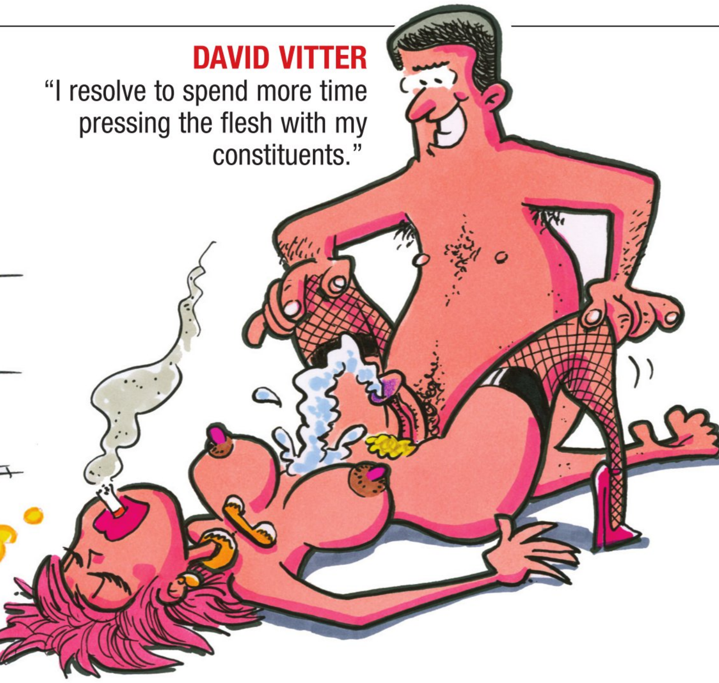


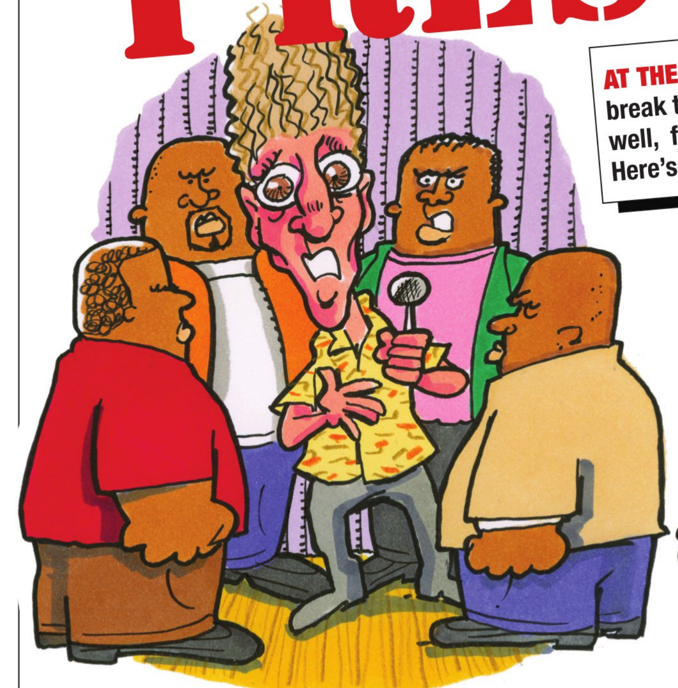
LINDSAY LOHAN
"I resolve to never again drive drunk. I will hire a chauffeur to drive drunk."



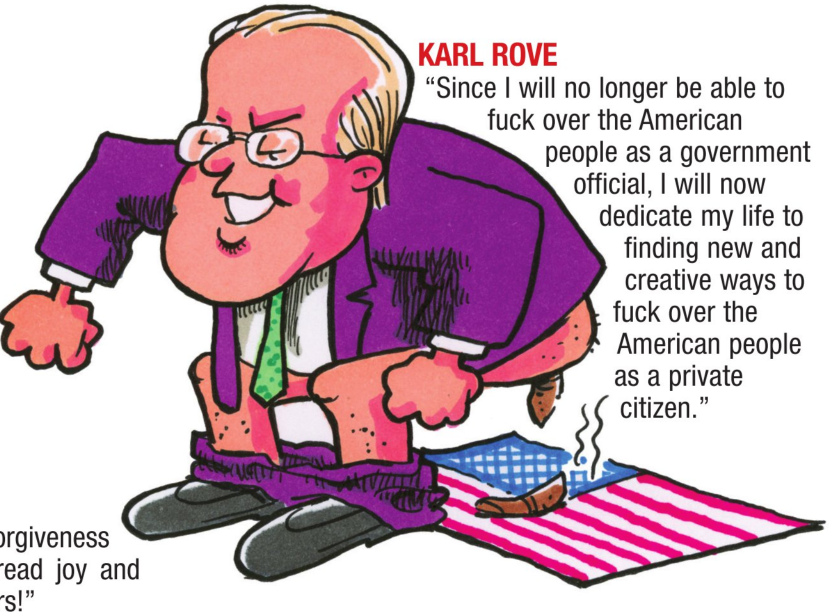
DAVID VITTER
"I resolve to spend more time pressing the flesh with my constituents."

"THIS YEAR I RESOLVE..."

AT THE START OF EVERY NEW YEAR we all make resolutions and quickly break them. The rich and famous are just like us, except they're richer and, well, famous. But celebrities also make resolutions…and break them. Here's a bogus batch we just couldn't resist conjuring up.

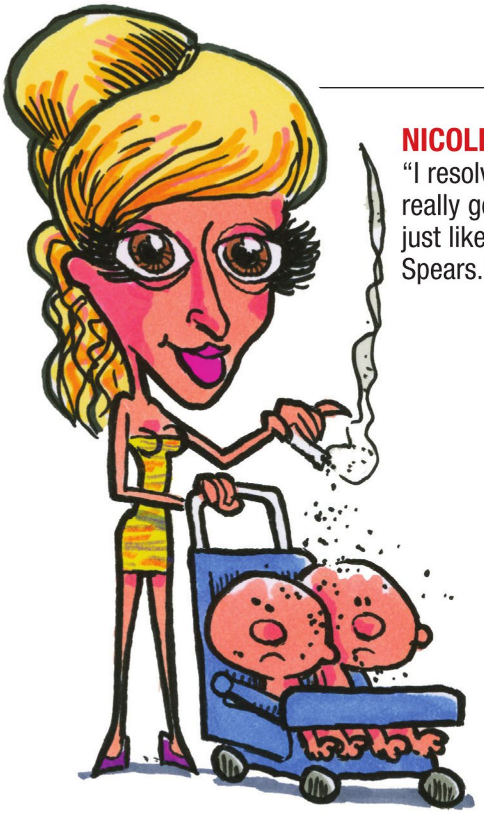


MICHAEL RICHARDS
"I have seen the light and am now taking the path to forgiveness through enlightened thinking and love. I resolve to spread joy and laughter to all the people in the world…except the niggers!"

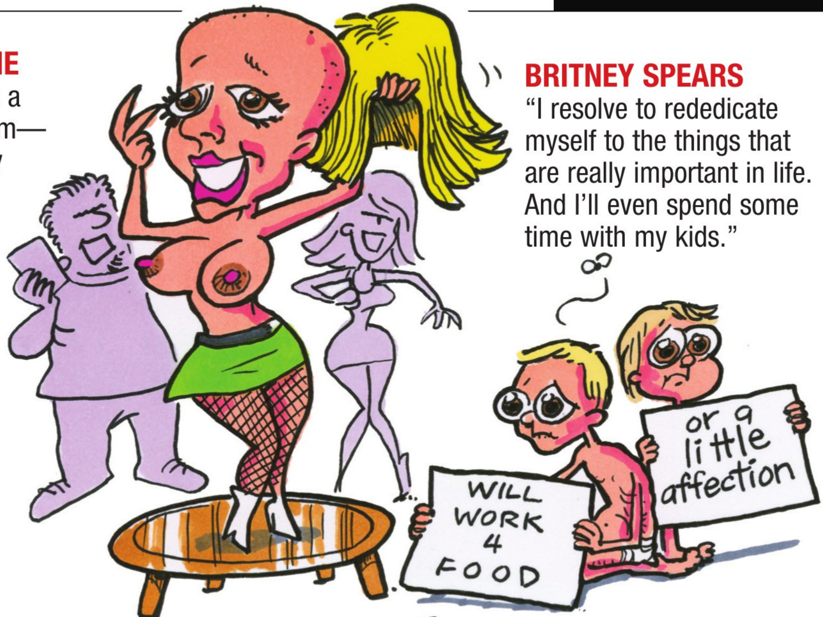


KARL ROVE
"Since I will no longer be able to fuck over the American people as a government official, I will now dedicate my life to finding new and creative ways to fuck over the American people as a private citizen."

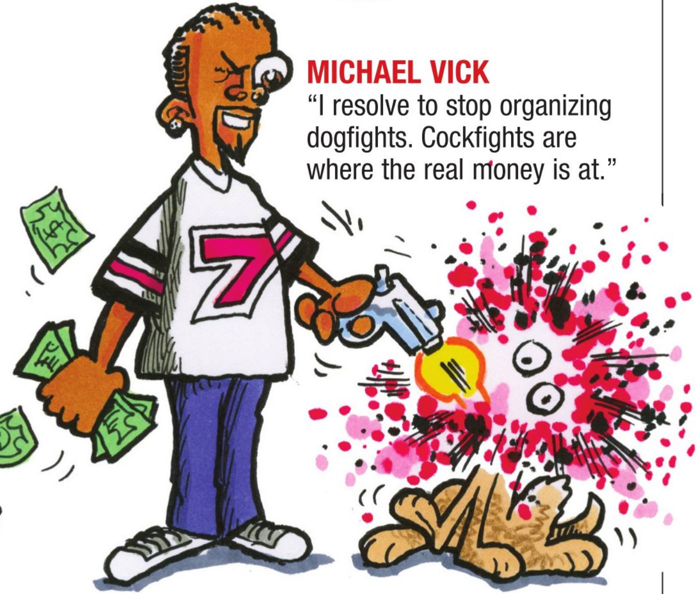
BY KEITH VALCOURT
ART BY BOB MULEADY



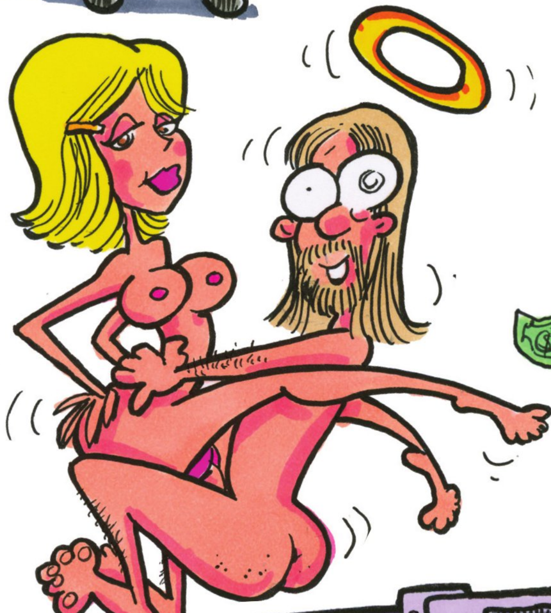
NICOLE RICHIE
"I resolve to be a really good mom—just like Britney Spears."



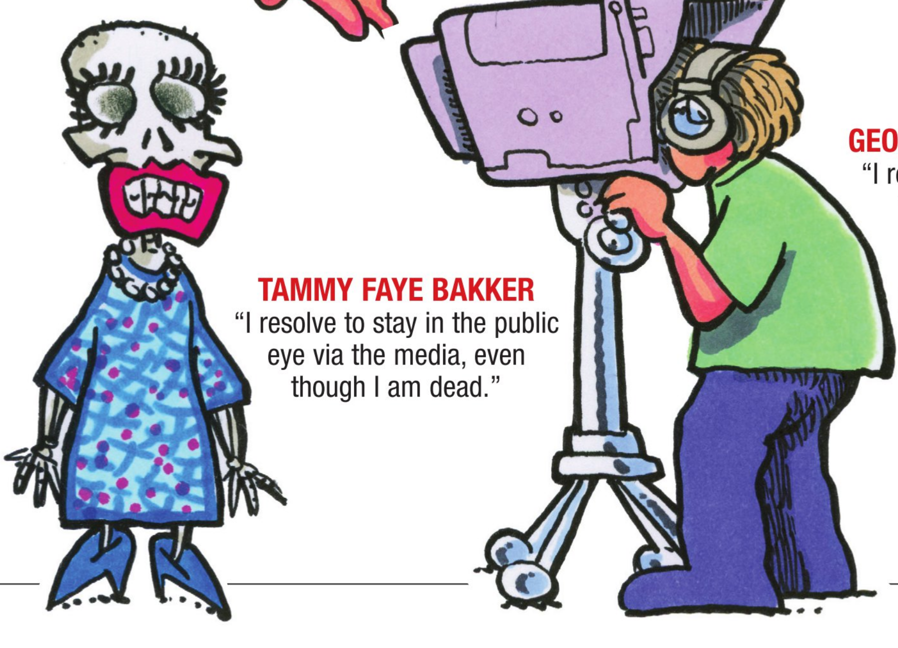
BRITNEY SPEARS
"I resolve to rededicate myself to the things that are really important in life. And I'll even spend some time with my kids."



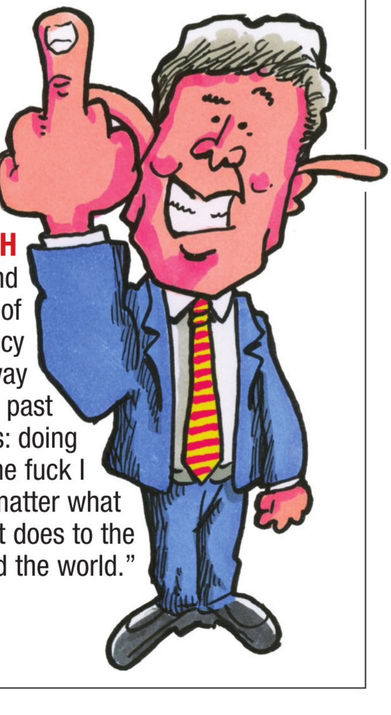
MICHAEL VICK
"I resolve to stop organizing dogfights. Cockfights are where the real money is at."



PARIS HILTON
"I resolve to be serious and embrace God—or at least Jesus."



TAMMY FAYE BAKKER
"I resolve to stay in the public eye via the media, even though I am dead."



GEORGE W. BUSH
"I resolve to spend the last days of my Presidency the same way I've spent the past seven years: doing whatever the fuck I want, no matter what damage it does to the country and the world."

CYNTHIA R

KICKING BUTT I

THE **“QUEEN OF MARTIAL ARTS FILMS”** LOWERS HER GUARD.

PHOTO BY ERIC ALTHOFF

CYNTHIA ROTHROCK BELONGS in a category with other trendsetting women like astronaut Sally Ride and British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher. The Pennsylvania native literally fought her way to the top of the martial arts world back in the days when there wasn’t even a women’s division.

“At that time [the early ’80s], I had to compete against the men for weapons forms, a predetermined, dancelike series of techniques,” Rothrock reminisced recently at her friend’s karate studio in the Chatsworth area of Los Angeles. “I was the first, and as far as I know, the only woman to win the men’s division. If I was close to a guy but a little bit better, they’d give it to [him]. I had to be so much better, they couldn’t rip me off.”

At her first competition, even though Rothrock had only studied martial arts for five months, she competed against male black belts with years of training. What the novice lacked in experience she made up for in tenacity, taking second place overall. “I thought I might have a chance to be the best in this field,” she said of her success. Overcoming the males in both *kata* (empty-handed forms) and weapons forms, Rothrock ruled as the undefeated World Karate Champion from 1981 to 1985, while also earning black belts in five martial arts disciplines.

Then the silver screen came calling. After moving to California, the young woman who used to dream about fighting alongside Jackie Chan attended a casting call seeking the “Caucasian Bruce Lee”—a white *male* to be more precise.

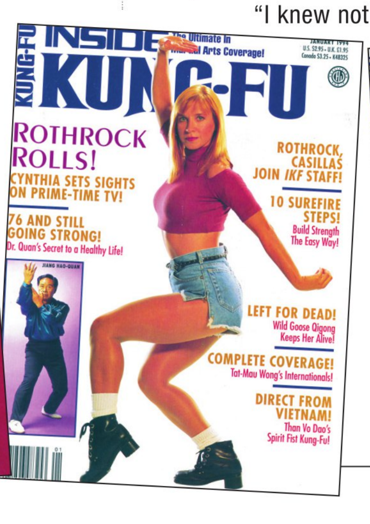
“About eight of us from the West Coast demonstration team I was part of went to the audition,” Rothrock recalls, “and I did some forms, some fighting, self-defense, and some weapons, and they said, ‘We’re going to go with a girl instead of a guy.’ ”

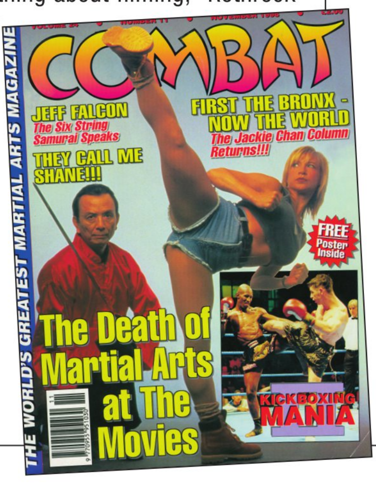
Rothrock was immediately signed up by a Hong Kong production company. Her first film, 1985’s *Yes, Madame* (costarring fellow up-and-comer Michelle Yeoh), was a hit, catapulting both sexy heroines into the “chopsocky” stratosphere.

“After my second film, I realized that I loved this, and this was going to be my career,” Rothrock adds. In between movie shoots the young champion periodically returned to the States to defend her title, meeting her own goal of remaining undefeated for five straight years.

“I knew nothing about filming,” Rothrock

INSIDE KUNG-FU
The Ultimate in Martial Arts Coverage!
20th Anniversary 1973-1993
THE BEST EVER?
Rothrock Soars To the Top!
EXPERTS SAY “YES”!
Has Push Hands Lost its Value?
RARE TECHNIQUES!
Wu Mei’s Plum Blossom Spear!
ALEXIO BREAKS LEG; LOSES ISKA TITLE!
IKF EXCLUSIVE!
Daniel K. Pai Breaks Silence!
Legendary Grandmaster Opens Florida Temple!


INSIDE KUNG-FU
The Ultimate in Martial Arts Coverage!
JANUARY 1994
ROTHROCK ROLLS!
CYNTHIA SETS SIGHTS ON PRIME-TIME TV!
76 AND STILL GOING STRONG!
Dr. Quan’s Secret to a Healthy Life!
ROTHROCK, CASILLAS JOIN IKF STAFF!
10 SUREFIRE STEPS!
Build Strength The Easy Way!
LEFT FOR DEAD!
Wild Goose Qigong Keeps Her Alive!
COMPLETE COVERAGE!
Tat-Mau Wong’s Internationals!
DIRECT FROM VIETNAM!
Than Vo Dao’s Spirit Fist Kung-Fu!


COMBAT
THE WORLD’S GREATEST MARTIAL ARTS MAGAZINE
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THEY CALL ME SHANE!!!
FREE Poster Inside
The Death of Martial Arts at The Movies
KICKBOXING MANIA

BY ERIC ALTHOFF

OTHROCK:

FOR 25 YEARS

says of those early days. "It was all new to me. I lived in Hong Kong for three years, did seven films, came back and started taking acting classes. If I was going to make mistakes, I wanted to make them there because nobody knew what I was saying; they didn't really speak English."

As for the rough stuff, Rothrock goes on to say: "Probably one of the toughest things is overcoming the bogus 'fact' that martial arts are just for men. You're dealing with technique, not power, and you're working with speed. Martial arts are for everybody, but especially for women. I think all girls and women should know some sort of self-defense; it's a must. Not only will it help mentally and physically, but also spiritually."

Rothrock's high-kicking résumé blossomed throughout the '80s and '90s with films like *Lady Reporter*, *Rage and Honor*, as well as the *Lady Dragon* and *China O'Brien* series, which cemented her stature as the first lady of the martial arts genre. Her favorite cinematic fight and stunts came during the shooting of *Lady Reporter*, when she was literally on the ropes during a climactic combat scene.

"They had a tent made of hard white ropes that went up about 50 feet to the ceiling," Rothrock recounts. "It was quite high, and many people got injured on it, but I did a full fight scene on there. I had major rope burns on my legs from bouncing off them."

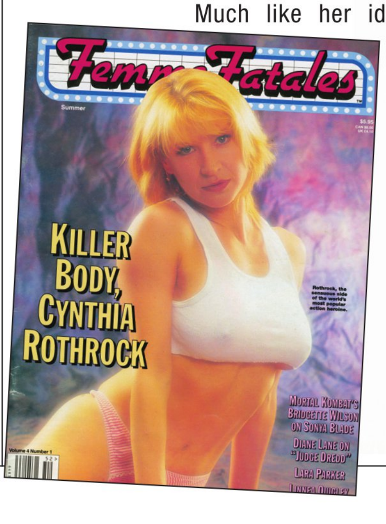
Much like her idol Jackie Chan, Rothrock picked up some scrapes and bruises along the way. The script for *Lady Reporter* called for her to leap from a 30-foot exploding building while wearing heels and holding what appeared to be a baby in her arms. "I jumped into mattresses with some cardboard boxes," she describes. "I landed on my feet, but then I fell on my butt, and my knees came up and hit me in the nose. Tears were coming out of my eyes. And then the director said, 'Oh, no, we have to do it again because there was something wrong with the camera.'"

Inevitably, Rothrock had a brush with a potential on-set disaster. "I was supposed to look into this machine, and this dry ice smoke was supposed to come out," she explains, "but a flame came out instead. Luckily, the actor with me saw it and pushed me, and it just singed the whole back of my head. That kind of freaked me out for a couple days, thinking that could have been my face."

Marveling at

CYNTHIA ROTHROCK

PHOTO COURTESY CYNTHIA ROTHROCK


Femme Fatales
Summer
KILLER BODY, CYNTHIA ROTHROCK
MORTAL KOMBAT'S BRIDGETTE WILSON ON SONYA BLADE
DIANE LANE ON "JUDGE DREDD"
LARA PARKER
LINNEA QUIGLEY
Volume 4 Number 1

Martial Arts, Fitness & Health
TAE KWON DO Times
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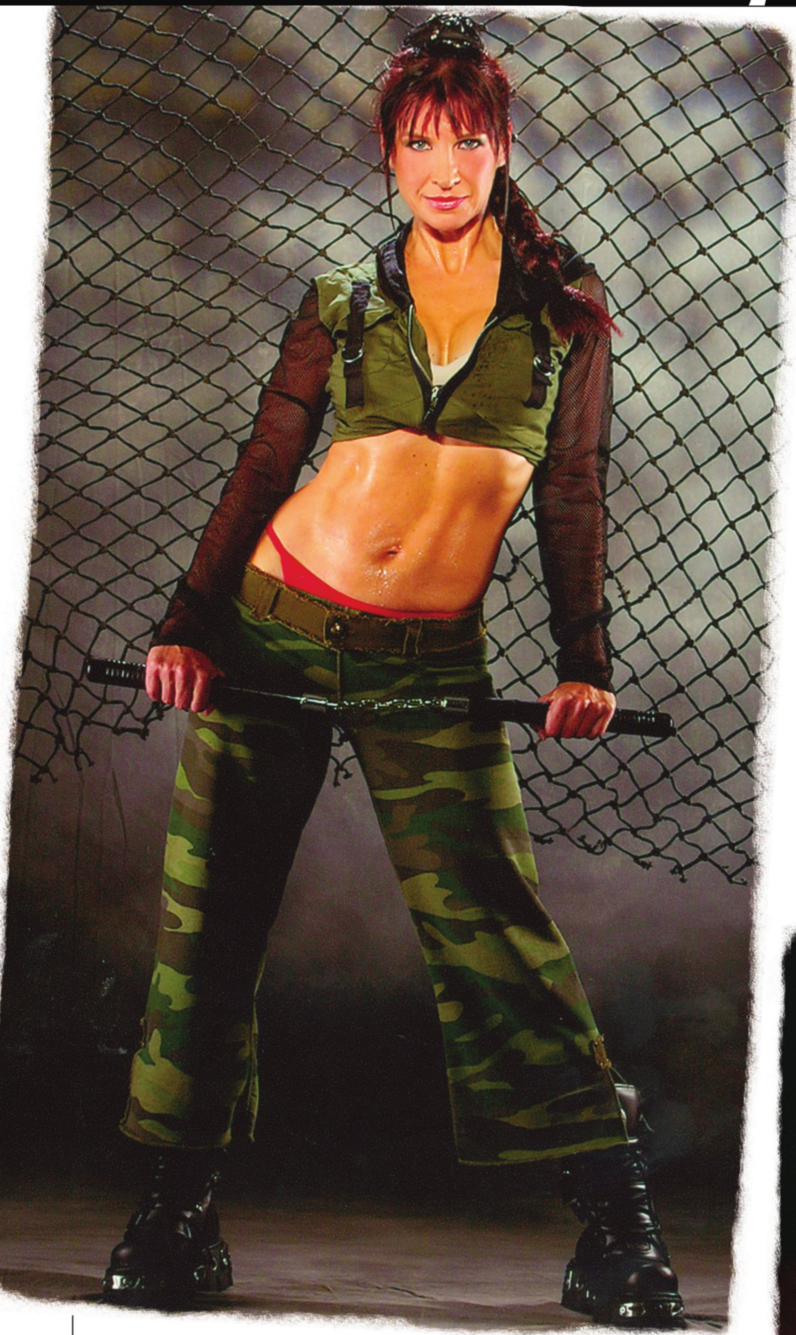


her daredevil days, she adds, “Even now, I look back at those films and get impressed. They had me do things that in a million years I would never think I could do. I think that’s why I succeeded in Hong Kong. I was crazy enough to try all of that stuff.”

While praising the physicality of contemporaries like Zhang Ziyi (*Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*), Rothrock simultaneously bemoans the shallowness of the female martial arts talent pool, both then and now. “It’s mostly the mentality of ‘Let’s get Cameron Diaz and we’ll have her do some martial arts,’” she laments. “And they use lots of doubles, and the camerawork is so advanced that you can take anybody off the street and just make them look good, or get a double that almost looks like them.”

Beyond a butt-kicking onscreen persona, Rothrock stresses that a woman can be both a tough martial artist and sexy at the same time. To prove that point, in her heyday she posed for many risqué photoshoots. “Basically, I was at a period in my life where everybody thought of me as the tough karate chick,” she says. “Most producers wanted me to wear my hair really short and dress really masculine. I wanted people to see another side of me—that I could play other parts, not just the same part over and over again.”

Sporting Daisy Duke shorts and boots for the shoot—and not much else—Rothrock was the first woman to grace the cover of *Karate Illustrated* magazine. “Nobody was ever on it like that before,” she gloats. “They were always in a karate uniform. The editor fought for it, and it sold out. One former male cover model came up to me and said, ‘How did you get on the cover? Did you sleep with the editor?’ I went, ‘No, why, is that how you got on the cover?’”

Rothrock has subsequently been featured in dozens of other magazines, notably *Femmes Fatale* and *Black Belt Magazine*. “It hasn’t helped, and it didn’t hurt my career,” she says of her many provocative photos. “It was another side of me that people saw.”

As the star of more than 40 action films, Rothrock feels a sense of pride that she has inspired others to take up martial arts. On that note the 5-foot-3 Rothrock relates, “I had lots of women come up and say to me, ‘I saw that you could do it, and you’re not that big, and if you can do it, I can do it.’ One of the coolest things a producer said to me was, ‘I want you to be the role model for my daughter.’”

When asked about her personal life, Rothrock claims that it used to be hard to get dates, with men often quipping, “I don’t want to meet you in a dark alley.” Their loss. “When anybody meets me,” she says, “I don’t come across as that tough person. Now, especially in the 2000s, people will instead say, ‘Yeah, I want to take you on a date because if anything happens, I’ll just say, ‘Cynthia, go get him.’”

PHOTOS COURTESY CYNTHIA ROTHROCK

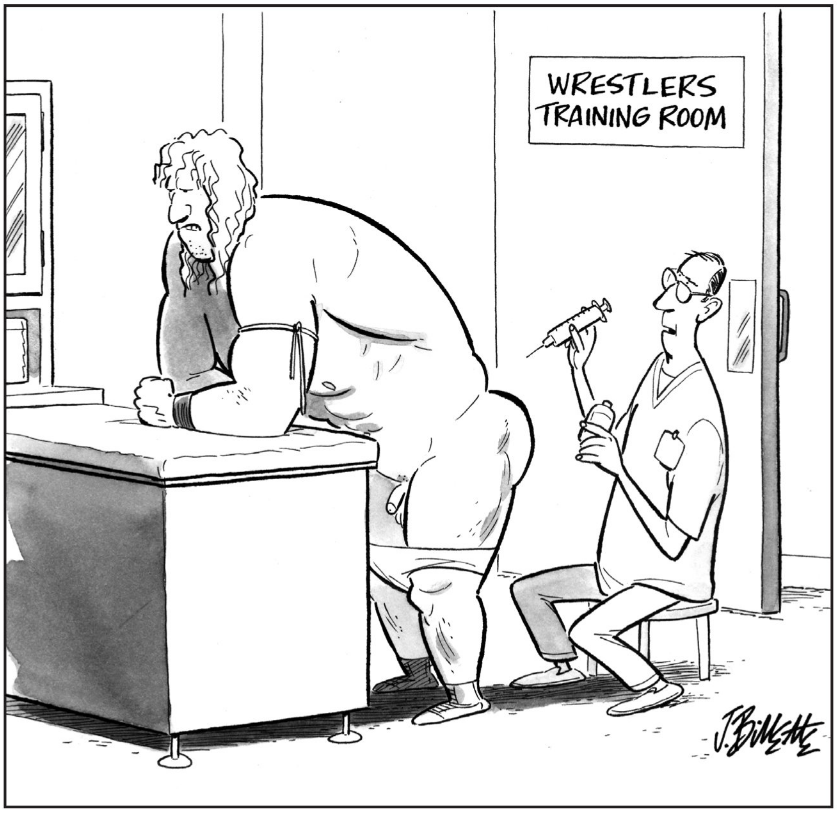
As of this writing, Rothrock is divorced and not dating, preferring to spend quality time with her daughter, Skylar. Following in the footsteps of both her parents, the eight-year-old is studying martial arts.

Now a fifth-degree black belt in her various martial arts disciplines (fourth degree and above is considered a master), Rothrock is co-owner of the United Studios of Self-Defense in the Los Angeles area. Besides offering private lessons, she leads martial arts/ghost tours to China and has several other projects in the works, including a comic book called *CYN* and a tentative biography about her early career.

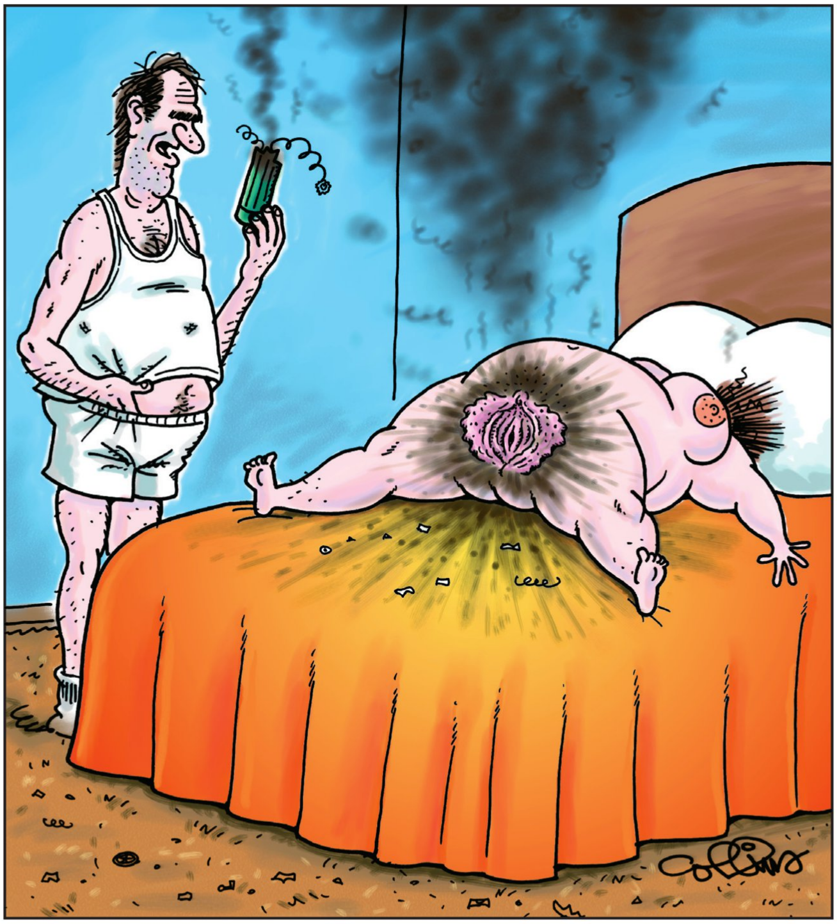
But like a true warrior, Rothrock is proud to say that she does not seek out conflict. Although if push comes to shove, she'll certainly shove back. Once, at a restaurant, a nearby patron used profanity while telling her to quiet down her young daughter. Rothrock confronted the loudmouth by thrusting a hand within an eighth of an inch of his face. "I've never beaten anyone up," she admits, "but maybe I would have liked to."

All hail the queen!

*To find out more about the legendary black belt/action star, check out **CynthiaRothrock.org** and **MySpace.com/CynthiaRothrock**. The United Studios of Self Defense is located at 12147 Ventura Blvd. in Studio City, California.*



"Relax! I've been giving you just enough steroids to make you great in the ring, but not so much that you'll massacre your family."



"Yep, made in China."

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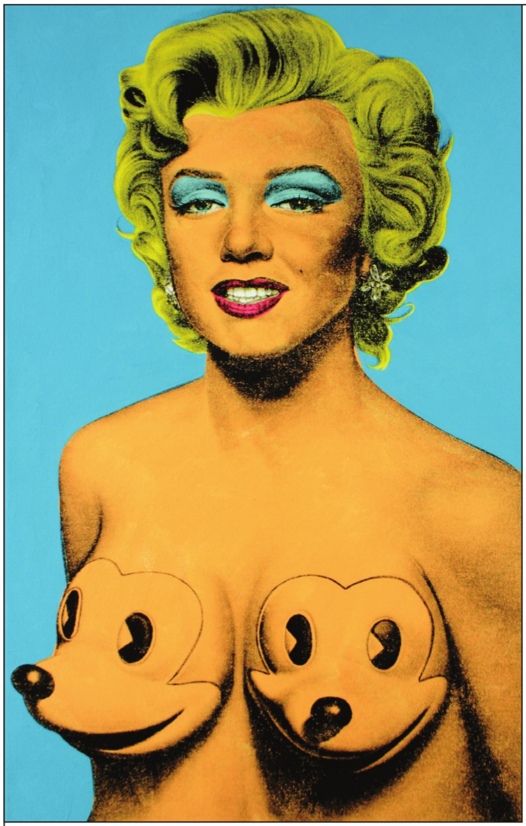


M
SUPERSIZED

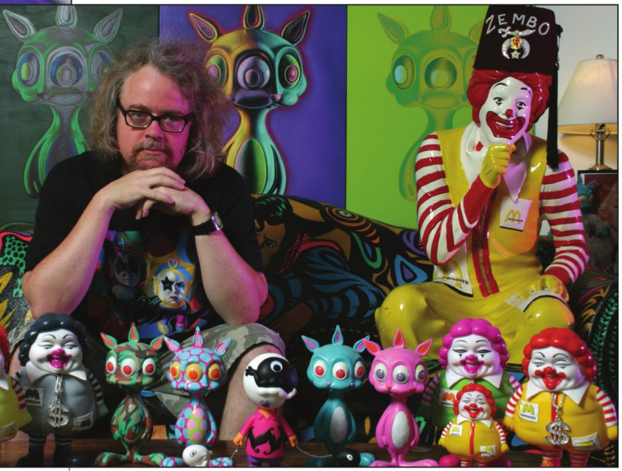
BY K.K. LE ROQUE

Art in Plain ENGLISH

POPagandist spoofs the consumer society's icons.

RON ENGLISH IS A MODERN-DAY ANDY WARHOL, transforming ordinary objects and cultural icons into vivid, twisted masterpieces. But unlike his famed, eccentric predecessor—whose creations seem static by comparison—English celebrates the sublime in his chosen subjects, magically morphing them into an eclectic and surreal mix of truly unabashed originality that he's whimsically labeled "Salvador Dali meets Walt Disney."

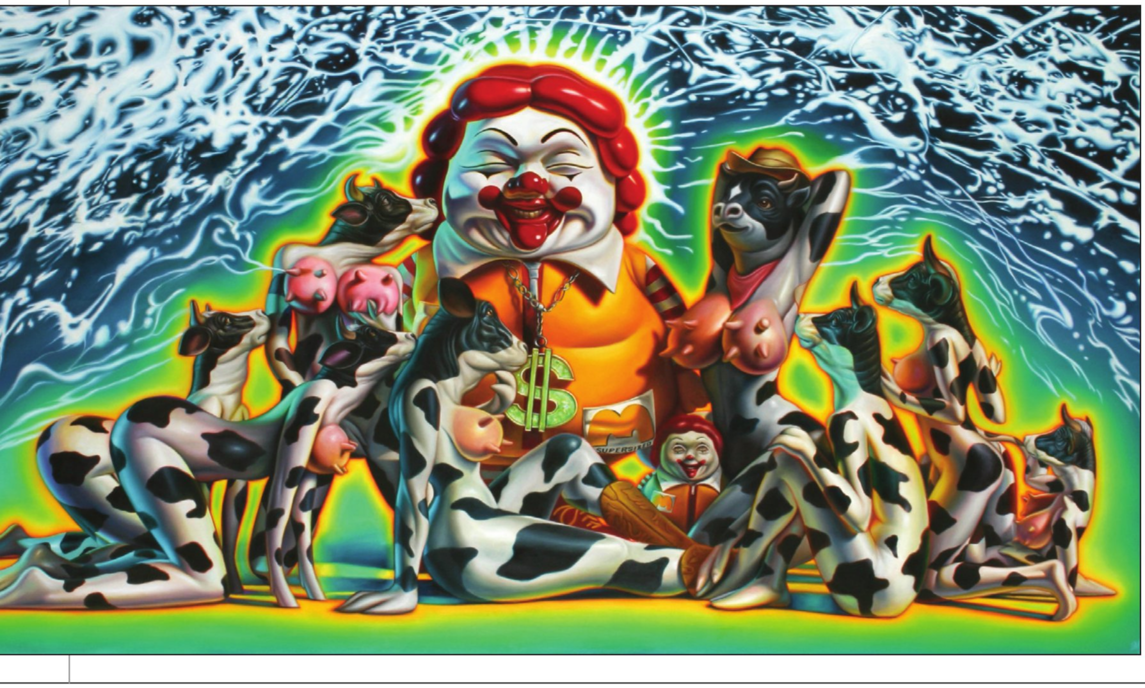
The Dallas native not only paints, but also infiltrates and satirizes present-day Americana on several levels. Although the 41-year-old English has had his wizardry showcased in prestigious galleries and museums, as well as in books and as action toys, he's most famous for the subversive parodies that have materialized on hundreds of pirated billboards.



The agit-popagandist's furtive alterations have taken on everything from gas-guzzling SUVs, Apple computers, cigarette purveyors and Coca-Cola to his favorite subject, McDonald's and its faux pitchman, Ronald McDonald. English's "supersized" dolls and paintings depict the fast-food clown as a bloated and slobbering mess, the apparent result of dining at the Golden Arches on a regular basis—just like Morgan Spurlock, director of the documentary film *Super Size Me*, did for 30 grueling days.

The Texan's other favorite subjects include silver-screen legend Marilyn Monroe (also a Warhol inspiration), extraterrestrials and half-human, half-bovine cowgirls, all of which he is willing to enhance with outlandish tits. Everything that English creates is presented in an alternative universe that undermines the consumer society, where nothing is sacred, nothing is spared, and nothing is as one would expect.

For a more exhaustive look at the acclaimed guerrilla artist's skewed world, visit **POPaganda.com**, which offers picture galleries, interviews and articles, and a calendar of upcoming events. Also available for sale through the Web site is the documentary film *POPaganda: The Art and Crimes of Ron English.* This fearless and amazing iconoclast is guaranteed to transform both stuffy art connoisseurs and regular Joes into English majors.



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AND THE SEXIEST
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you can get them to do!

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beautiful girls who are waiting
show you a good time!

Start a Chat RIGHT NOW

DRIVEN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

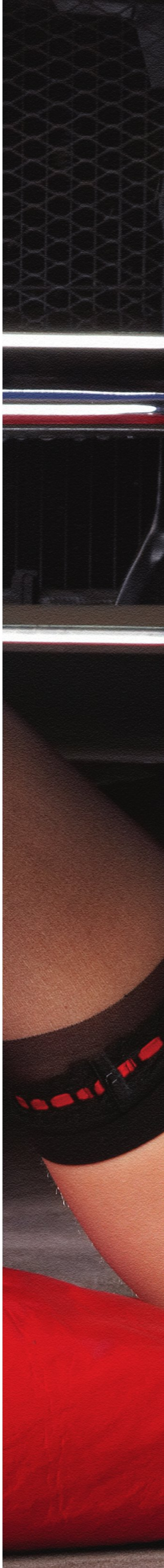
Ever since roaring out of sleepy Clarksville, Tennessee, to make it big in adult entertainment, **Jenni Lee** has been on the go virtually nonstop. “I’m a workaholic,” the little darlin’ chirps. “The funny thing is I’m a porn actress, so that makes me a sexaholic too.” And generally while the cameras are rolling. “Aside from screwing on movie sets,” Jenni volunteers, “I only have time for working out (got to keep in shape!) and the occasional late-night hook-up.”

Hooking up with whom, baby? “Funny guys have always made me weak in the knees,” lovely **Ms. Lee** continues. “If you can make me laugh, I’ll probably take you home and let you go to town.”

JENNI LEE

Even Carrot Top? "No!" the country girl howls. "You also have to know what to do once I get you in bed. Be willing to press your face into my pussy and start licking. The jokes get stale if you can't make me come."

It doesn't look as if the exhilarating Dixie pixie is ever gonna slow down. "I have big plans for the future," **Jenni** declares. "I'm going to keep doing porn films until I become a household name, then maybe start my own production company and make millions. After that, I intend to hop into my muscle car and drive off into the sunset."



JENNI'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Clarksville, Tennessee
AGE: 26
BIRTH SIGN: Sagittarius
HEIGHT: 5-2

BARELY LEGAL
71

See Jenni Lee redlining in *Barely Legal #71* and *Real College Girls #13* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

CHEVY
HUSTLER

A small boy spent all day with his father at the zoo. When they got home, his mom asked him what he'd learned.

"I learned all kinds of things," the kid said excitedly. "Daddy explained each animal we saw. The one thing I didn't understand is when we were on the bus coming home, and Daddy told me to give up my seat to a young lady."

"That's so sweet, honey," his mother sighed. "Your father was just teaching you how to be a perfect gentleman."

"But, Mommy," the little boy yelped, "I was sitting on Daddy's lap!"

Question: How can you tell if a geezer in a convalescent home got lucky?

Answer: He's picking blue hairs out of his teeth.

The Jewish newlyweds were running around their house naked. Eventually, the wife had to go to the can, but her husband had left the toilet seat up. Not accustomed to living with a man, she promptly fell into the bowl and got stuck.

Hearing her cries, the husband panicked and called 911. As a fire truck arrived on the scene, the guy realized that his beautiful new bride was still nude, so he quickly found a yarmulke and covered her pussy.

After two firemen stepped into the bathroom and assessed the situation, the husband asked if they could save his wife. One looked into the toilet and replied, "I'm sure we can save the lady, but I don't know about the rabbi!"

TOP FIVE SIGNS THAT YOUR WIFE MAY BE INCREDIBLY OVERWEIGHT:

5) Fat people run around her for exercise.
4) She tried to get out of bed three times and rocked herself back to sleep.
3) When she jumped in the air, she got stuck.
2) Nobody laughed when she fell off a ladder, but the ground sure cracked up.
1) When hauling ass, she's gotta make two trips.

Question: Did you hear about the promiscuous high school chick?

Answer: While everyone else was dissecting frogs, she was opening flies!

On the way to work, Mike rear-ended the car ahead of him. When the other driver jumped out of his vehicle, Mike noticed that the guy was a dwarf. The little fella was really pissed and yelled, "Hey, asshole, I'm not happy!"

Mike hollered back, "Okay, then, which one of the other six are you?!"

Question: How will Bill Clinton go down in history?

Answer: As the President after bush.

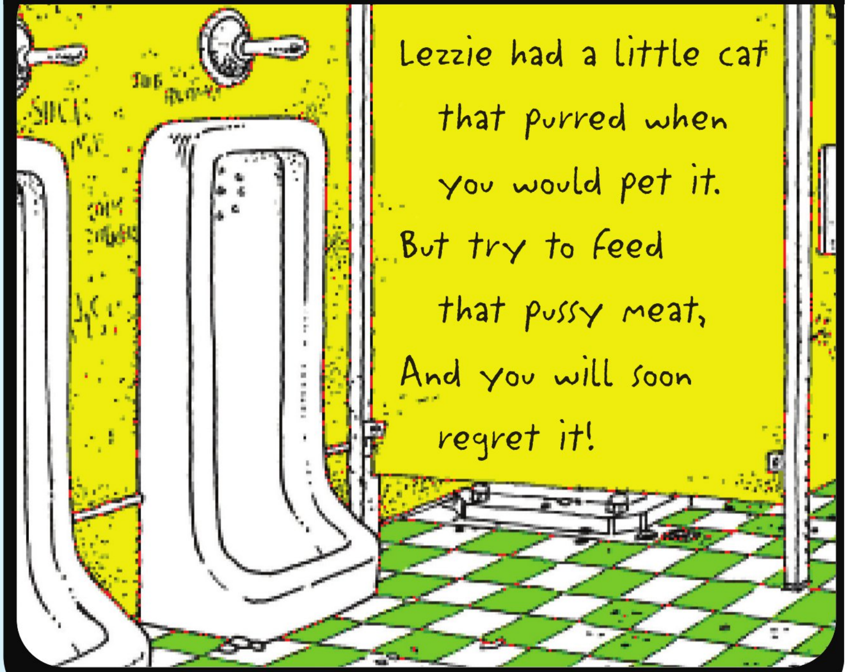
Jose and Carlos, each holding a cardboard sign, were panhandling at a freeway off-ramp. Jose drove a Mercedes, lived in a mortgage-free house and always had a lot of money to spend. Meanwhile, Carlos took home only two or three dollars a day.

Carlos asked Jose how he could make a suitcaseful of $10 bills every day.

Jose muttered, "Look at your sign, *amigo*. It says: 'I have no job and a wife and six kids to support.' Now check out mine."

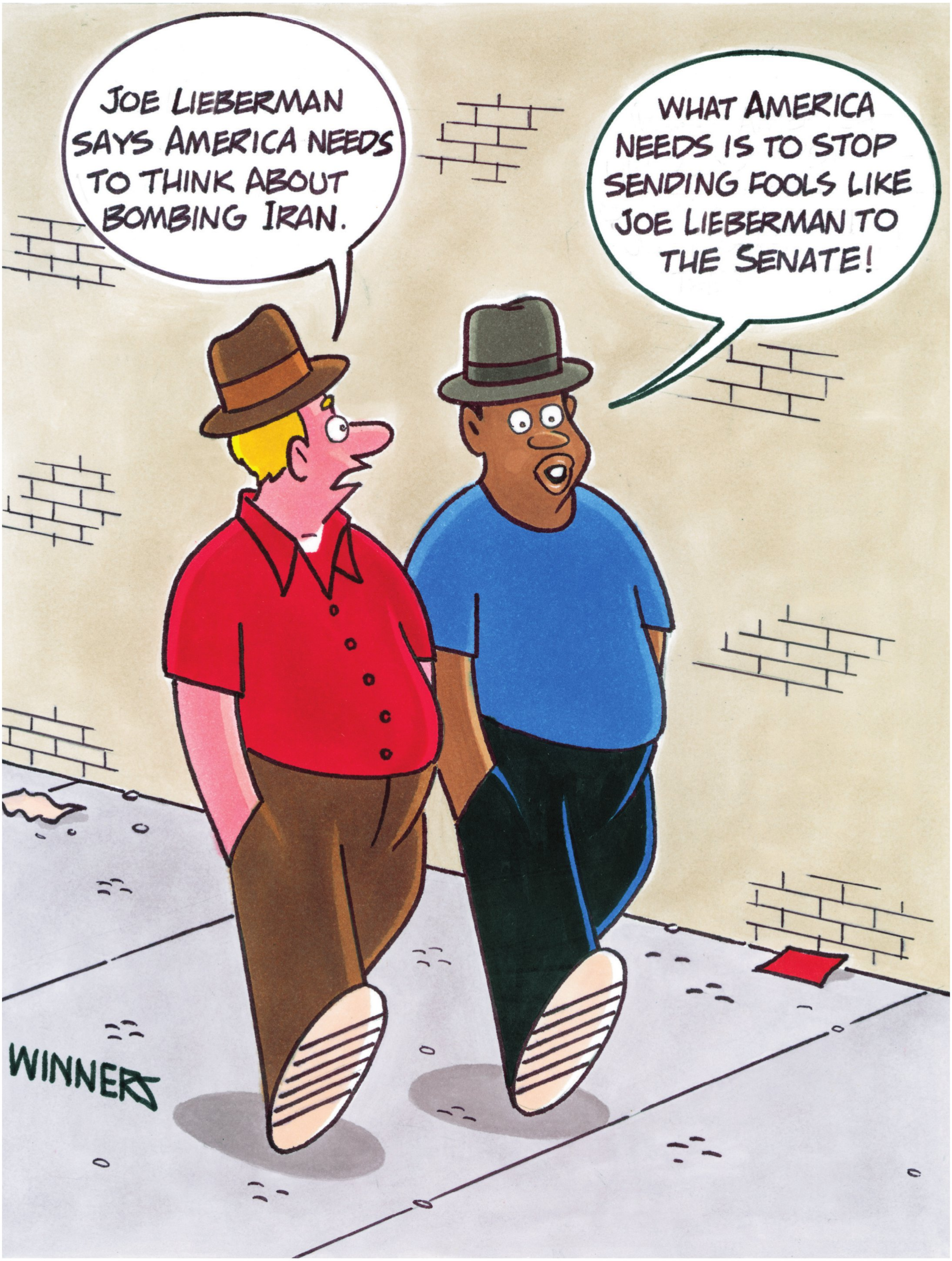
Carlos looked at Jose's sign, which read: "I only need another $10 to move back to Mexico."

GRAFFILTHY

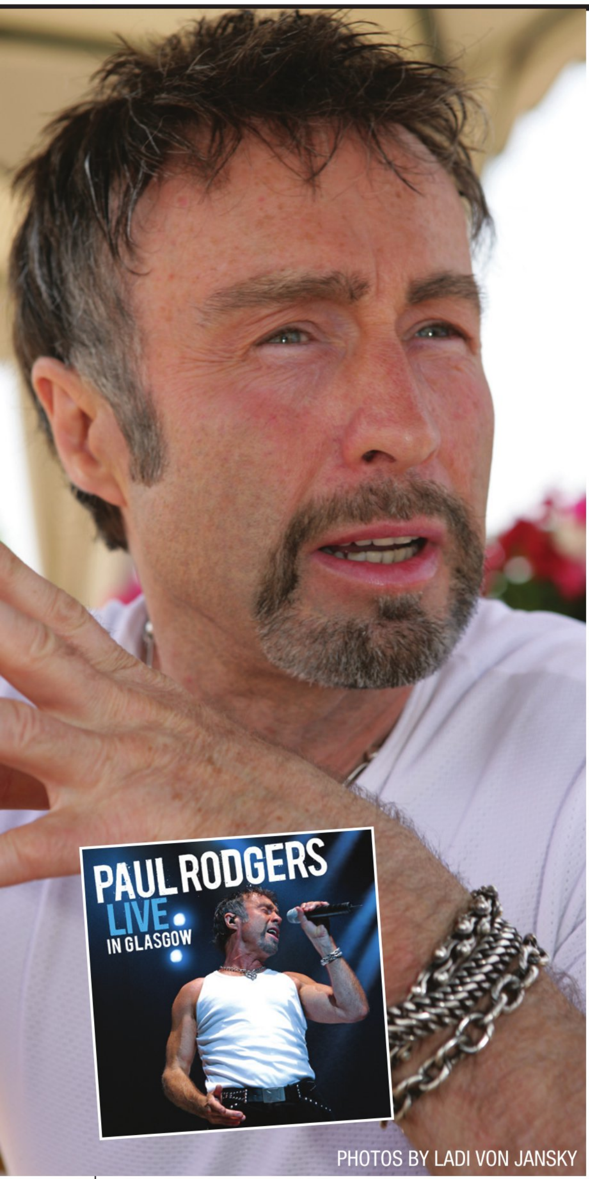


Thanks and $50 for new panties go to Michele K.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to HUSTLER@LFP.com. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.


JOE LIEBERMAN SAYS AMERICA NEEDS TO THINK ABOUT BOMBING IRAN.
WHAT AMERICA NEEDS IS TO STOP SENDING FOOLS LIKE JOE LIEBERMAN TO THE SENATE!
WINNERS

BY KEITH VALCOURT



PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

PAUL RODGERS: IN GOOD COMPANY

IF YOU TURN ON ANY CLASSIC-ROCK station in America and listen for an hour, you will probably hear Journey. After that, chances are you'll hear the voice of Paul Rodgers. You may not know the name at first, but you will definitely recognize the voice.

Starting back in the 1970s, Rodgers has been rocking us as the lead singer/songwriter of Free ("All Right Now"), Bad Company ("Feel Like Making Love," "Rock 'n' Roll Fantasy") and the Firm ("Radioactive"). Music Editor Keith Valcourt caught up with the legendary frontman, who proved to be a true English gentleman, as he discussed everything from his latest solo release (the CD/DVD *Live in Glasgow*) to joining forces with Queen.

HUSTLER: How does it feel to be a rock icon?

PAUL RODGERS: Oh, that's a fantastic question. I don't know how true it is. I think it's a privilege to be out there and be singing the way I am. I always feel like I'm just starting. I never sit back and say, "Okay, that's it, and there are all my records." I like to be out there doing it. Performing is the thing for me.

The most impressive thing about *Live in Glasgow* is your voice, which sounds as good today as it did 30 years ago. How do you keep it going?

You know, to a large extent, it's really a God-given gift. When I was younger, I was a bit careless and did all the things everybody does when they are growing up. I went through a whole learning period that way.

I find now that if I take care of myself, my whole being—heart, soul, mind and body—then it's going to reflect in my voice. Not to be too pompous, but it's a message of love. It always has been about the music from day one for me. I still listen to the greats, the same people who have influenced me—people like Otis Redding, Aretha Franklin, the Four Tops and the Temptations. I still get chills. What they did is still something I'd like to achieve, so I'm still reaching.

What do you think is the greatest song you've written?

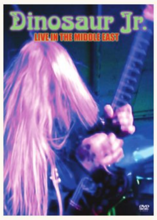
Whoah! It's hard to say. Maybe I haven't written my greatest song yet. Although having said that, "Feel Like Making Love" has something about it that I really like. It does seem very timeless when I sing it onstage. It seems to be fresh when I do it. I do that with my solo band and when I play with Queen. With Queen we take it to another level.

Are you still working with Queen?

Yes, I am, actually. I'm proceeding on two fronts. I'm proceeding with the solo band, which I love. And working with Queen has been great.

Music DVDs You Need to See and Hear

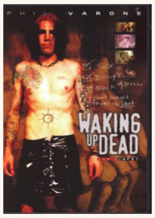
I See Sound



Dinosaur Jr.

Live in the Middle East

Hard to believe that the grunge godfathers never released a live DVD before, but it's true. This disc captures the reunited trio of J. Mascis, Lou Barlow and drummer Murph during a 2005 East Coast tour as they blast through 18 songs from their first three albums. Plus, there's a ton of behind-the-scenes footage with Sonic Youth and other alt-rock pals.



Phil Varone: *Waking Up Dead*

Sex! Drugs! Rock 'n' roll! And salvation! Um, maybe? Saigon Kick/Skid Row drummer Phil Varone's rise to fame and ultimate descent into his own self-destructive drug hell is chronicled in raw and uncensored detail. *Waking Up Dead* serves as a cautionary tale for anyone who has ever thought that being a rock star was easy. Our only complaint is that for an "uncensored" look at the rock lifestyle, there sure are a lot of black bars and gray circles blocking the good parts.

VOLUNTEER JAM
THE CHARLIE DANIELS BAND

Volunteer Jam Starring the Charlie Daniels Band

This full-length motion picture captures one of the greatest Southern rock/country bands in concert with a little help from their friends and fans. Thanks to the multicamera format, you feel like you're in the front row as Charlie and the boys rip through their hits, with Dickey Betts, George McCorkle and Doug Gray chipping in. Yeee-ha!

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN
DANCING HORSES

Echo & the Bunnymen

Dancing Horses

Bring on the dancing horses yet again as Ian McCulloch and Will Sergeant lead the latest lineup of the seminal 1980s group through all their hits, "Lips Like Sugar" included. Among the bonus features are interviews with each band member.

YOU'RE GONNA MISS ME

You're Gonna Miss Me

A Film About Roky Erickson

The powerful wail of 13th Floor Elevators singer Roky Erickson disappeared decades ago. This dreary and seemingly exploitative documentary takes a look at the shell of a man he is now. Erickson was once a musical genius, but sadly, not any longer. ■

What was it like stepping into Freddie Mercury's shoes?

Well, the interesting thing was I never really felt like I was taking Freddie's place, because no one really could do that. To the Queen guys, credit Brian [May] and Roger [Taylor]; they didn't try to replace Freddie. That would have been an insult to his memory in many respects. He was a one of a kind and a brilliant showman.

What happened really was Queen and I played together on a live TV show. We both wanted to play live, so I became the singer for the one night for a couple of songs, and then they supported me when I did "All Right Now." It was such a blast that we came offstage gasping for breath and said, "Wow! We have to do this again."

When performing with Queen, you don't so much cover a song as put your personal stamp on it.

We want to keep the feel of the music alive, which is what I do whenever I cover a song. I do try to make it my own. I learned listening to John Lee Hooker and those blues guys. They took the songs and made them special events every night. There is one particular song of Queen's called "The Show Must Go On," which really reflects what that thing is. It's so intense and can be interpreted on so many different levels. It can be interpreted to mean that Queen and its music must go on. It can be an everyday thing: Whatever you do in life, that show has to go on. It's a good life message too. It was kind of virgin territory because they had never performed that song live. So live, it was all mine.

Will there be a new Queen studio album?

We have had a couple of studio sessions, and we've kicked each others' ideas around. We have yet to really start writing together. It's very exciting. It's a tall order, and there's a lot riding on it. So we all have to be happy before we go any further.

Who's playing bass?

That's a good question. It's just the three of us in the studio. We are exchanging the bass between us.

Having collaborated with so many greats, is there anyone you would like to work with?

I wish that I had worked with George Harrison. His influence was phenomenal throughout the music industry. I think it was very brave when the Beatles were at their height for him to introduce Eastern music into their sound.

Was there a common factor that the Firm shared with your previous groups?

That was myself and Jimmy [Page]. One of the [common factors] of all [my] bands is that I have formed the bands with a guitar player. With Free it was Paul Kosoff; with Bad Company it was Mick Ralphs. We formed that nucleus, that songwriting team. With the Firm, Jimmy came round, and we started writing songs. He's an awesome, superlative guitar player. He's a great guy.

Do you have any tales of rock excess?

I was on the road with Lynyrd Skynyrd, and they were renowned for having "a good time." We toured with them at one point, and all I remember about it was I woke up the following morning, outside of my room, in my underpants in a shopping cart.

They had very kindly brought me home and left me at my door—which was quite sweet of them. That's all I remember.

Are you still bad company?

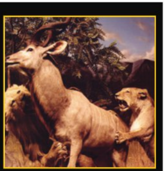
I don't know if I am or if I ever really was bad company. There are funny things about calling yourself Bad Company, which I thought was a brilliant rock 'n' roll name at the time. I even said to the guys, "Let's not try to live up to this because we could walk down some terrible roads." When I wrote the song, it was really about the wild, outlaw frontier days when it was lawless, and anything could happen. You are in the middle of the desert, you see this dust appearing. Who knows what's going to come in?

Where did the name come from?

People think it came from the movie *Bad Company*, but it actually came from a book on Victorian morals. There was a picture of a Victorian punk standing on a street corner. He's dressed up like a dandy with the top hat, the waistcoat, the tails leaning on a lamppost with a pipe in his mouth. The top hat is popped up; the shoes are burst. He was a real punky gentleman. This choirboy is looking up at him, and underneath it says, "Keep away from bad company." ■

The Dirty Dozen

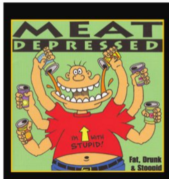
NEW CDS YOU NEED TO HEAR.



INTERPOL

Our Love to Admire

More of the same dark and lovely gloom rock to mope to is on the band's major label debut. *Our Love to Admire* is the perfect soundtrack to any angst-ridden teen's life (or life of their Joy Division-loving parents). Highlights include "Pace Is the Trick" and "The Scale."



MEAT DEPRESSED

Fat, Drunk & Stoopid

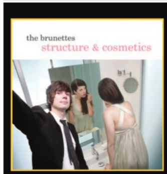
Meat Depressed is perhaps the best party punk band to come out of the great state of Massachusetts since the Mighty Mighty Bosstones. On that note, the latest disc from Foxboro's favorite sons should not be listened to with less than six beers in your system and a fondness for the Ramones in your heart.

ABSOLUTE
GARBAGE

GARBAGE

Absolute Garbage

The '90s supergroup composed of three über-producers (including Bruce Vig) and Scotland's sexiest export ever (Shirley Manson) gets the best-of treatment. Packed with a handful of hit songs and videos (on a bonus DVD)—including "Queer," "Stupid Girl" and "I Think I'm Paranoid"—*Absolute Garbage* is a must-have for any collection. Also available is a special limited edition offering remixes of hits by everyone from UNKLE to Massive Attack.



THE BRUNETTES

Structure and Cosmetics

Like a modern-hipster Donny & Marie, this New Zealand duo has put out a CD that's a bright ray of pure pop sunshine. The indie darlings seamlessly blended their influences—notably the Beach Boys, Television and the Modern Lovers—to create an exciting and awesome sophomore release.

KMFDM
TOHUVABOHU

KMFDM

Tohuvabohu

The German industrial freaks do it again with their new release, *Tohuvabohu*. The latest collection brings more of the band's edgy, rhythmic stylings, capped by heavy-hitting lyrics focusing on politics, society and, most importantly, KMFDM. *—Joseph Dunavan*

BLUEGRASS Elvises
SHAWN CAMP & BILLY BURNETTE

THE BLUEGRASS ELVISES

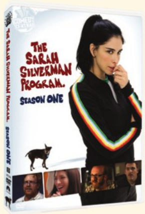
The Bluegrass Elvises Volume 1

This hunka hunk of burnin' bluegrass love pays tribute to the King of Rock 'n' Roll's early years without coming across as gimmicky. Both members of the duo—country/bluegrass singer Shawn Camp and Memphis-born Fleetwood Mac alum (and John Fogerty sideman) Billy Burnette—know how to channel Elvis with pleasing results.

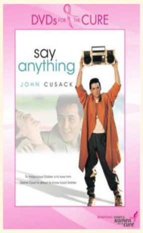
(continued on page 100)

A Look at the Best New Comedy DVDs

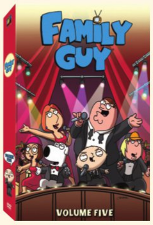
What's So Funny?!



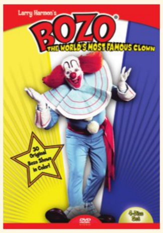
The Sarah Silverman Program: ***Season One***
Easily the sexiest and funniest woman working in comedy today, Sarah Silverman lives to skewer anyone and everyone. In this, the first season of her hilarious Comedy Central series, she takes us through her real life (sort of) in a series of sketches, bits and songs. It's like *Curb Your Enthusiasm* with a hottie. We love a funny chick who's both crude and will do anything for a laugh.



Say Anything
We all love breasts, right? The Susan G. Komen for the Cure foundation has teamed up with Twentieth Century Fox to release a series of special-edition DVDs to raise money for breast cancer research. Included is the 1989 romantic comedy *Say Anything,* starring John Cusack and Ione Skye. We hate chick flicks and charity too, but if it will help save boobs, count us in.



Family Guy: ***Volume Five***
The misadventures of Peter Griffin and the zany household from the small town of Quahog, Rhode Island, continue on this three-DVD set. Volume Five features 13 episodes from the first half of the show's fifth season. Memorable moments include Brian and Stewie in Iraq, Lois teaching sex education, and Peter as a bully. Plus, there are a freakin' sweet 38 deleted scenes!

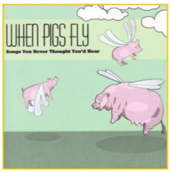


Bozo: ***The World's Most Famous Clown***
If you are now between 35 and 50 years of age, at some time in your youth you screamed, "The big box Bozo! I want the big freaking box!" The original TV clown, Larry Harmon's Bozo is captured on a four-disc set featuring 30 full-color original episodes. We still want the big box!

Upright Citizens Brigade: ***The Complete Second Season***
You call yourself a sketch comedy fan? Oh, sure, you dig *SNL* and *MADtv*, and maybe you've seen some episodes of *Monty Python* or *Kids in the Hall* or *Stella*. But you've never seen *Upright Citizens Brigade*? Check out the sublime and magnificent bastards known as UCB. Now, poser! ■

Here's a Peek at Some Cool Cover CDs

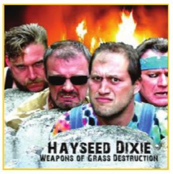
We've Got You Covered



When Pigs Fly
We all know that Hawaiian crooner Don Ho once had a hit with "Tiny Bubbles," but did you know *The Brady Bunch* guest star also recorded Peter Gabriel's "Shock the Monkey"? It's here, along with Peter Noone (Herman's Hermits) doing Billy Idol's "White Wedding," Devo taking on the CSN classic "Ohio" and Bill Preston delivering a funky rendition of Duran Duran's "Girls on Film."

Shivaree: ***Tainted Love—Mating Calls and Fight Songs***
The singer/songwriter/one-woman art movement takes a swing through the classic American songbook, covering everyone from Leadbelly to Mötley Crüe. Highlights include Shivaree's jazzy version of Michael Jackson's "Don't Stop Till You Get Enough," Gary Glitter's "Hello! Hello! I'm Back Again" and the Crüe's "Looks That Kill."

Guilt by Association
Deep down inside, all indie rockers love mainstream Top 40 music. That is apparent on this disc as Luna does Paula Abdul ("Straight Up"), Superchunk does Destiny's Child ("Say My Name"), and Petra Haden does Bobby McFerrin proud with an a capella version of Journey's "Don't Stop Believin'."



Hayseed Dixie
Weapons of Grass Destruction
Less inspired than the group's previous CDs, the latest disc from Hayseed Dixie (the bossmen of bluegrass rock covers) offers up their toe-tapping versions of tunes from the Stones, Scissor Sisters and Alice Cooper. ■

MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS

SMASHING PUMPKINS
Zeitgeist
The Pumpkins return! It's the original lineup! Well, okay, only half of the original lineup: Billy Corgan and drummer Jimmy Chamberlin. We guess James Iha and D'arcy Wretzky were busy. The scary thing is they're not really missed. Highlights include "7 Shades of Black" and "For God and Country."

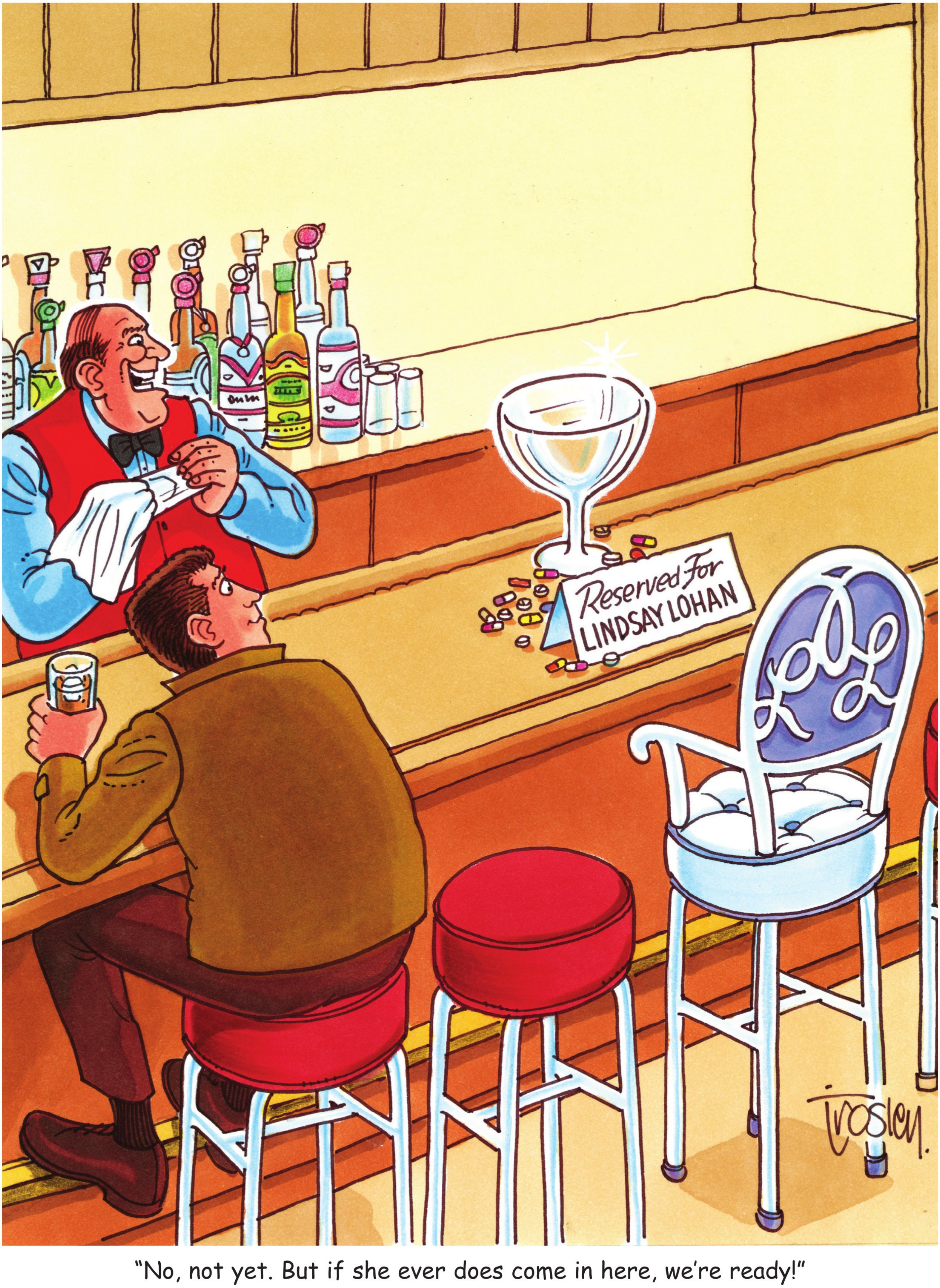
UNKLE
War Stories
The band's third release, billed as "a collection of desert songs," marries their trademark sound with classic rock. As with past UNKLE CDs, guests abound on this solid effort. For *War Stories* it's Twiggy Ramirez, Nada Surf's Matthew Caws, Queens of the Stone Age vocalist Josh Homme and the Cult's Ian Astbury joining the party.

LADYBIRDS
Regional Community Theater
Hyped as a collaborative art/pop project by Gym Class Heroes keyboardist Tyler Pursel and vocalist Teeter Sperber, this disc is so sweet, it will hurt your teeth. Think Shins meets Cyndi Lauper and the Postal Service. Chock full of more cheesy fun than your average Hickory Farms stand in the mall at Christmastime.

BAD RELIGION
New Maps of Hell
The Los Angeles rockers stay true and strong on yet another brilliant CD of bittersweet anthems that will probably be appreciated only by critics and the outfit's loyal fans. What will it take to get people who buy Green Day and Fall Out Boy to pick up a Bad Religion CD? We don't know, but we wish we did.

AI
Sex & Robots
Goddamn, this record makes us wanna do all kinds of crazy-ass shit like actually dance in public. It's rock meets synth pop in a brilliant debut packed with sleaze, grime and beats. This just might be the CD to put on as we watch our girlfriend bump and grind like a stripper.

BLACK FRANCIS
Bluefinger
The Pixies frontman not only reclaims his punk-rock persona and moniker after a decade as Frank Black, but also turns up the volume to 11. The cryptic songwriter/singer's new CD captures some of the energy and irony of his '80s and '90s heyday. Highlights include "Tight Black Leather" and "She Took All the Money."


Reserved For
LINDSAY LOHAN
Trosley

"No, not yet. But if she ever does come in here, we're ready!"

MOVIE Mammaries

WE FEEL THE NEED FOR SHANNON TWEED

SCANDALOUS BEHAVIOR

WHY DID WE SELECT SHANNON TWEED for *top* billing this month? Maybe it's because she has such a wealth of provocative films to choose from and because most people only know the onetime B-movie queen from that crappy reality show also featuring her life partner, Gene Simmons. Maybe it's because the aforementioned rocker refuses all our requests for interviews. Or maybe, just maybe, we wanted to take a prolonged look at the fantastic breasts of an actress who has always known how to satisfy her adoring fans. Either way, we sat down with a massive stack of DVDs and videotapes and picked all the good parts for your enjoyment.

Theatergoers got their first glimpse of Tweed's splendid twins in the 1984 teenage sex comedy *Hot Dog…The Movie*. After making the big-budget *Porky's* ripoff that much hotter by exposing her dazzling attributes, the babe sported a redheaded 'do during a scorching masturbation scene in another '84 release, *The Surrogate*.

Fast-forward to the 1990s, when Tweed padded her résumé with a fast-and-furious run of otherwise-forgettable flesh-filled flicks. Throughout the decade the bouncy starlet lit up the silver screen with simulated sex scenes in *Last Call*, *In the Cold of the Night* (which is anything but cold), *Indecent Behavior*, *Scorned*, *Cold Sweat*, *Indecent Behavior 2*, *Illicit Dreams, Forbidden Sins*, *Victim of Desire*, *Body Chemistry 4* and others. But our favorite from the '90s is *Sexual Response*, which features a showering Shannon's awesome ass. If you

HOT DOG

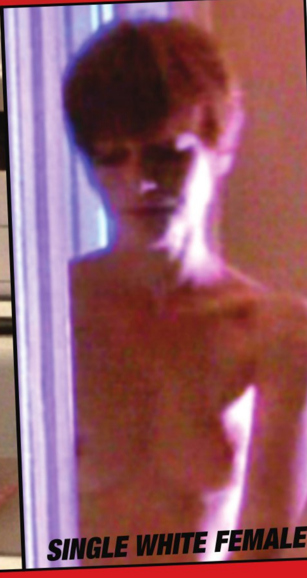
INDECENT BEHAVIOR 2

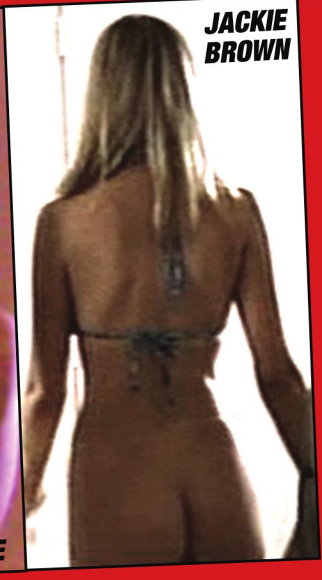
Rent These NOW!

THE ROAD TO WELLSVILLE

SCANDAL

ARIA


SINGLE WHITE FEMALE


JACKIE BROWN

VIDEO REVIEWS BY K.K. LE ROQUE

BODY CHEMISTRY 4

ILLICIT DREAMS

NAKED LIES

SCORNED

VICTIM OF DESIRE

look very closely, there's even a tantalizing view of the lady's luscious labia.

A couple of other Tweed offerings with notable nipple notions to watch for are 1998's *Naked Lies* and 1999's *Powerplay*. This latter gem once again features the hottie doing what she does best: taking showers and grinding away during soft-core matchups.

Tweed's terrific ta-tas made their final appearance in *Scandalous Behavior* (2000), and now it's time her body of work should be officially recognized. If outstanding nudity were an Academy Award category, Shannon Tweed would merit serious consideration for a lifetime-achievement trophy.

BONUS BOOBS: We Are Fond of Bridget Fonda

A FAMOUS SHOWBIZ BLOODLINE doesn't usually guarantee success. **Bridget Fonda** is not just the daughter of *Easy Rider* star **Peter Fonda**, but also the niece of **Jane Fonda**, as well as the granddaughter of **Henry Fonda**. Even that doesn't make Bridget our kind of movie star. What makes the beauty a HUSTLER-sanctified Hollywood star is her willingness to work nude on screen.

In 1987's *Aria*, portraying a sad girl tired of life, the young-and-willing actress delivers a brilliant performance highlighted by a topless suicide attempt. Two years later, in *Scandal*, Fonda once again lets those perfect, pert bosoms play. Seeing her sans shirt while donning an Indian headdress makes us want to pitch a teepee. The best part of *The Godfather Part III* (1990) is Bridget's derriere after a steamy sex scene with **Al Pacino**. Although playing **Jennifer Jason Leigh**'s roommate from Hell in the thriller *Single White Female* may have made Fonda a box-office favorite, we also commend the film's fetching costar for showing us her perky tits!

The Road to Wellsville (1994) is a comic farce about a health clinic in the early 1900s that also starred **Anthony Hopkins** and **Camyrn Manheim**. While the hefty Manheim thankfully keeps her clothes on, unbashful Bridget and her buoyant boobies can be seen in all their glory during a mammary-packed milk bath. *Camilla* (1994) comes close to being our favorite Fonda film thanks to a full-frontal skinny-dip, but the "genius" director placed the camera too far away to get a clear view of her bountiful bush. Much to our delight, *Touch* (1997) pairs the petite princess opposite bargain-basement Johnny Depp wannabe **Skeet Ulrich** for a roll in the hay that will have you touching more than the remote.

In the 1997 **Quentin Tarantino** flick *Jackie Brown*, she plays a stoned surfer willing to give up the booty to a fresh-out-of-prison hombre (**Robert De Niro**) for the ultimate quickie. Later, as Bridget ambles away, her heavenly bottom is on full display.

Meanwhile, for one of the carrottop tease's best onscreen trysts ever, check out *Break Up* (1998). Unfortunately, Fonda's final mamly foray came in the form of a nip-slip while puking into a toilet during 2001's action-packed *Kiss of the Dragon*.

That was years ago, and the thespian's star has faded. We hope that after this revealing retrospective she might consider stripping down again for the camera. Hey, Bridget, how about posing for HUSTLER? You know your career really could use the boost.

Remember, every month HUSTLER puts out the best in cinematic and big-name skin, but we also appreciate our readers' input. If there's a movie star or famous figure you'd like to see in the buff (or close to it), let us know by e-mailing *NakedCelebs@LFP.com*.

(continued from page 38) Imam and think he's coming back real soon to bring, as usual, the reign of universal peace and justice, blah blah. I wonder where they got that idea. Not content with that prophecy, they think, *Well, maybe some insurance will be good; we can get some nukes as well.* Something the people have long been afraid of, and rightly so, [is] an apocalyptic weapon falling into the hands of hooligans. I don't think they'll use it right away if they get it. I think that threat is slightly exaggerated too, but it's become extremely real now.

You're talking about Muslims obtaining nuclear weapons from sympathetic nations?

Yes. Or a fanatical regime even more of a danger getting control of this. It's probably incredibly dangerous [that former Pakistani nuclear chief A.Q. Khan] shared his weaponry with Libya and probably with North Korea too, and now Iran. Our luck has held, but not due to our efforts. Now it's staring us right in the fucking face.

In their campaign to achieve Armageddon, have Christian fundamentalists supported Israel?

Absolutely. One of the most unpleasant alliances [involves] anti-Semites who try to overcompensate for this by being smarmy friends of the worst elements in Israel. The alliance between the Christian and Jewish fanatics is one of the most unpleasant aspects of modern religion. It needs to be exposed and criticized a lot. I want a candidate to come up and say, "When I'm President, that will stop. There won't be any settlers on the West Bank."

What's the point of being a superpower if you can't do that? A handful of settler nutbags using our money to steal other people's property? Out of the question.

It's often stated as fact that America is a Christian nation, that the Founding Fathers were all believers.

The people who came to Plymouth Rock certainly were believers in Christianity. And the other founders of the country on [the West Coast], the Spanish, were also motivated by Christian religiosity. But the Declaration of Independence, the founding, not of America but of the United States, was composed by people who had no religious belief. I mean, the two best-known members of the committee that drafted the Declaration, Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Franklin, were not Christians. In my opinion, they were both atheists.

It showed in all their letters, all their writings, all their private and public reflections. Only one of the so-called Founding Fathers had a priest at his bedside when he died: Alexander Hamilton.

George Washington would go to church as President, but he wouldn't stay for the service of the mass. It's simply, extremely categorically untrue that there's a Christian founding to this country. There isn't a single historian of any repute who would put his name to that.

How often does the word *God* appear in the U.S. Constitution?

It doesn't appear in the Constitution itself at all, but there may be something in the preamble about the almighty, some vague reference perhaps. But in the document and its amendments, religion is only mentioned when it is necessary to mention it in order to make sure it is separated from the state.

Mr. Jefferson wrote a letter to the Baptists of Danbury, Connecticut, who were worried about being persecuted by other Christians. He wrote back assuring them that there would always be a wall of separation between the church and the state. My new slogan is, "Mr. Jefferson, build up that wall."

Are Christian fundamentalists a direct threat to our Constitution?

Yes, in the sense [that] they don't believe in the values it embodies. At the time when Jefferson and Madison drafted the Virginia statutes on religious freedom, if you lived in Maryland, you basically had to swear allegiance to the Catholic Church, and you could be in trouble if you did not. If you lived in Connecticut, it was difficult to be Catholic. In Georgia you had to say you were a Protestant. In New York you could be a Jew and hold public office; Rhode Island you could too—but not in Massachusetts. Every state had a different religious sectarian character.

This country would never have come to birth if it hadn't been decreed that the state can take no interest in this. You can believe anything you want. You can go to any church you like. You'll never get the government to support your particular religion. It's against the law. No other country's ever done that. It couldn't have been done if not for the amazing fact that in Philadelphia, Boston and New York there were geniuses who believed in the values of the Enlightenment. At most, they thought God made the world, but he didn't intervene in it anymore.

How has the Christian Right, particularly dominionists, threatened our Constitutional safeguards?

The more dangerous idea—fortunately, pretty much dead in the water now—is the faith-based initiatives, whereby the churches get government money to look after the poor—redirecting taxpayers' money to support religion, [which is] flat out negation of the Constitution. They say it's used for good purposes, for the homeless. No, it's illegal to give [tax] money to churches in this country.

The Supreme Court should hear an argument that American aid to Israel—if it is used, even one dime of it, to establish messianic settlements on the West Bank—is an illegal establishment of religion and must be forbidden, struck down by the court. The U.S. government must be told it can't do that. That's a very grave violation, because these people quite clearly say, "We're there to bring God, to bring the Messiah to the West Bank." Well, if they want to do that, they can do it on their own dime. We cannot pay for any of that shit.

In 2007 five Catholic Supreme Court judges voted on the partial-birth abortion amendment.

The Constitution says specifically—very plainly too—there may be no religious test for public office. In other words, you can't be told, "No, you can't be a judge, mayor or an official if you hold this religion." Well, we do have an unconstitutional test for such appointments. You may not be an atheist and expect to be appointed to office. If you were the greatest practitioner of jurisprudence in the U.S. and said you didn't go to church and didn't believe in God, you would not be appointed to the Supreme Court. It's very plain that the test is actually being applied. There *is* a religious test.

This also raises another very grave question: The Roman Catholic Church is not just a hideous clerical institution that practices child abuse and child rape and pumps out evil superstitions, but it's also a foreign state: the Vatican. In this foreign state currently, Cardinal Law—the ex-Archbishop of Boston and a man who's wanted by American courts—has been sheltered, having fled the jurisdiction for covering up a crime that surely everybody of any morality agrees: The rape of children is unconscionable. He aided, organized, facilitated and obstructed justice in this very grave matter. He's now holing up in a foreign state.

How should the United States deal with the Vatican?

A Catholic member of the U.S. Senate, [Democrat Dick] Durbin of Illinois, who was on the Judiciary Committee, said that he had a discussion with Judge John G. Roberts Jr., now the Supreme Court's Chief Justice. Durbin asked Roberts in an informal hearing, not a public one, what he would do if the

U.S. Constitution came into conflict with Roberts's religious belief. And Senator Durbin—who I think is not very bright, but he's a very sincere and quite honest person—reported within the hearing of many people that the response of Judge Roberts was that he would recuse himself.

Wrong answer. There's only one right answer: "The Constitution overrides in all cases." He's not fit to be on any court if that isn't his immediate reply. There's no recusing from this. So it's extremely important, and we now have a court that is majority Catholic at a time when the Vatican is sheltering a wanted criminal and when many serious topics pronounced upon by the pope—from contraception to stem cell research—are matters the Supreme Court has to adjudicate.

Why do you insist in your new book that religion is "not just amoral but immoral"?

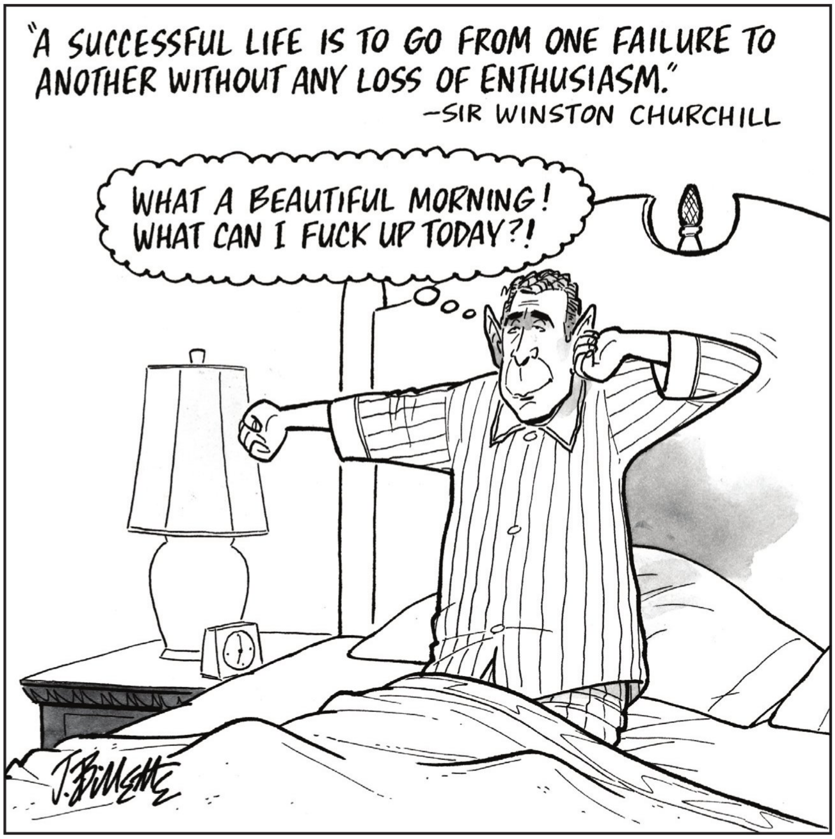
Religion has the nerve to say it is the source of morality, but is, in fact, the source of a great deal of immorality. For example, it says you are not a person of integrity, that you would not do the right thing for its own sake or avoid the wrong thing for its own sake. You would only do this, make this correct decision, if you were subject to a celestial dictatorship. Often you either bribe in one case or make a horrible threat in another. If you saw a child lost, hungry and abandoned, you wouldn't bother to help if there was no one else looking. This is an insult to the very core of the human personality, to our dignity.

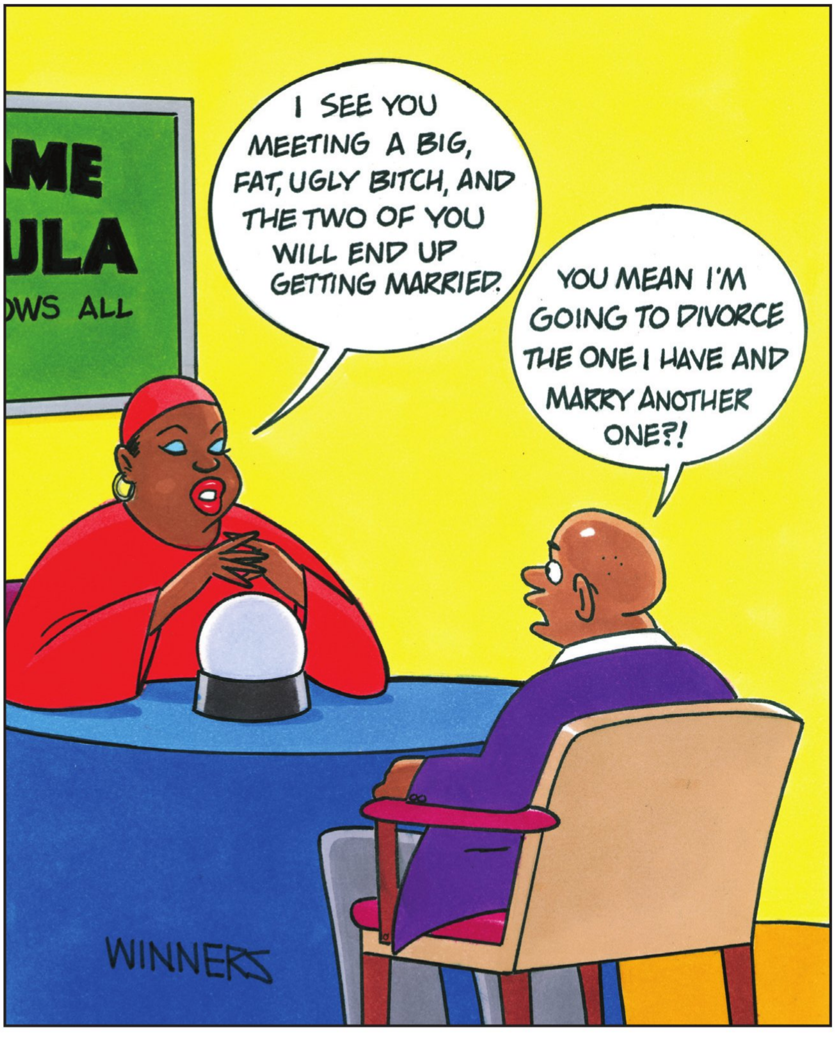
The second thing about religion is that it has always depended on and practiced a very horrible sort of sexual repression. It distrusts our genitalia. It doesn't trust us to make use of them. It particularly has a disgust for female genitalia. Consider the stupidity of the virgin birth—Heaven forbid that the birth canal could be used for sperm delivery. It's only a one-way street.

Religion's ruined the happiness of millions of people down the years and still does. It believes that the end of the world must come and looks forward to it. That's not moral. It's a horrible, nihilistic wish.

Professor Steven Weinberg, one of the greatest living scientists, has a great remark: "In an average, moral, universal society, good people will try and do the right thing. Psychopathic people will do wicked things. But if you want to make good people do wicked things, you need them to be religious."

My main objection to religion is it won't leave me alone. They keep coming around to my place and saying, "I should be either this or that." The invasion of privacy is the bit I dislike the most. If you want to say, "You have a God who cares about you, is going to forgive your sins, send you to Heaven," fine, whatever turns your crank. Just don't bore me with it. Don't tell me my children have to be taught this. Don't come around to my house with pamphlets. Don't ask for my tax dollars to use this, not even if you said it's for a good purpose. I'm not going to do it. I'm not going to do it.


"A SUCCESSFUL LIFE IS TO GO FROM ONE FAILURE TO ANOTHER WITHOUT ANY LOSS OF ENTHUSIASM."
—SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL
WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING! WHAT CAN I FUCK UP TODAY?!


AME
ULA
WS ALL
I SEE YOU MEETING A BIG, FAT, UGLY BITCH, AND THE TWO OF YOU WILL END UP GETTING MARRIED.
YOU MEAN I'M GOING TO DIVORCE THE ONE I HAVE AND MARRY ANOTHER ONE?!
WINNERS

(continued from page 39) Hell, along with the Jews."

We're fighting 12.6% of Americans: They're called pre- or post-millennial dispensational, or just dominionist Christians. They're about 38 million people, [which] included Jerry Falwell, Ted Haggard, Pat Robertson, D. James Kennedy and James Dobson and his "Focus on the Fascists."

Has this gotten much media coverage?

Fuck ABC, CBS, NBC and, of course, Fox—Republican National TV! What do I have to fucking do to get coverage?

Have you been threatened?

They call four times a week, threatening to kill my family. A group of Christian women has called once a week for two years. They chant on the phone: "Mikey Weinstein, bullet in the head, praise the Lord, he's finally dead."

I was told, "The demon beast of the devil will be killed in L.A." I got the same call the night before I came out here. They've called my wife up [saying], "We're going to blow your head off and bury you where they'll never find you. You'll be covered in your own blood." They have her license plate number, etc. We've had feces and beer bottles thrown at the house, tires slashed.

In Kansas I was Governor Kathleen Sebelius's guest, giving speeches. After a big speech the senior Episcopal bishop of Topeka's largest Episcopal church supported me. Five hours later they burned his church down. A few hours later the synagogue Beth Shalom was desecrated with spray paint and shit, [with the taunt] "Fuck Jews," or something.

I debated Pat Robertson. Jerry Falwell called me the most dangerous man in America, then denied it. At the Air Force Academy I debated Robertson's lawyer, Jay Sekulow, head of the American Center for Law & Justice, which is just bullshit.

These are very, very bad people. It's really [Germany] 1937, not [America] 2007.

When did dominionism first infiltrate the military?

When the draft ended, 1972. When we had conscription, at least theoretically, we were uniformly pulling people involuntarily into the military, from blue and red states. When that ended, the so-called volunteer force's recruits came mostly from red states, where they fused this dominionist—what I call "Weaponized Gospel of Christ"—with great patriotism.

By 1994, with the Newt Gingrich Revolution, Republicans took control, and we really got to see the politics of polarization. Like Ann Coulter's "You're with us or you're treasonous." There was great estrangement between the West Wing and the Pentagon during Clinton's Presidency. The military tended to look inwardly, and the whole concept of this growing evangelism coalesced like a perfect storm.

By 9/11, with this idiot in the White House, it was on steroids. Dominionist Christians were happy when the Israeli Defense Force and Hezbollah fought in 2006. It was the perfect excuse to indicate, "Hey, it's the End Times." They've got a playbook. Their version of this gospel of Jesus tells them we're almost there.

Until the U.S. Attorney firings, we didn't believe there could be 150 graduates of Pat Robertson's Regent University—one of the worst law schools in American history—in the Justice Department.

The Christian Embassy [*a fundamentalist organization that reportedly has a Pentagon office*] has a ministry, this weaponized dominionist gospel for the State Department, Capitol Hill, the Pentagon and foreign embassies. The Christian Embassy made a 12-minute promotional video, very slick, with music, a great announcer [that] you can see at JewsOnFirst.org. We demanded Secretary Gates immediately investigate. They've been investigating since. They refuse to tell our lawyers what's happened.

It's shocking to watch this video, which starts by saying: "There are 25,000 men and women in the…Pentagon. Now through the use of daily prayer breakfast, Bible studies and reach-out events, the Christian Embassy is mustering all of them into a…relationship with Jesus."

You'll see [in the video] Major General Jack Catton, an Air Force Academy grad in charge of buying all major weapon systems for our bombers and fighters. Brigadier General Bob Caslen, in his dress uniform, walks around the Pentagon, saying, "I/we are the aroma of Jesus Christ in the Pentagon." He *is* the aroma—of something! Caslen got promoted to a second star last year. He's now the 70th commandant of cadets at West Point. Brigadier General Vince Brooks is also promoting the Christian Embassy's gospel. Brooks sold America on the bullshit stories of Jessica Lynch and Pat Tillman. He got his second star.

General Catton says, "I tell everybody my first responsibility is to the Lord, then to my family, then to the Constitution." It's supposed to be, "Your family and your religion, that's your business. You swore an oath to support and defend the Constitution." Unless you believe it's a myth like Bigfoot or Paul Bunyan, [then] the Constitution has separation of church and state. [*Editor's Note: In a July 20, 2007, report the Defense Department inspector general criticized the video and top brass for appearing in it.*]

There's a plank in the actual Texas GOP [called] "God's Own Party." They want to dispel the myth of separation of church and state. But in the version of the Constitution most of America and most lawyers have, there's Clause 3, Article VI, where our Founding Fathers were so prescient and brilliant. They looked at what happened in Europe and realized most tyrannies occurred when men of the cloth were also in political power. The Constitution says we'll never have a religion test for any federal government position.

On the *New York Times*' front page [July 12, 2005], Brigadier General Cecil R. Richardson makes the un-fucking-believable statement that it's now Air Force official policy to "reserve its right to evangelize anyone if the Air Force determines [him] to be unchurched." My wife and I proclaimed, "We have three kids in the Air Force. Our daughter-in-law [is] an Air Force Academy grad. Do our kids fall in this Nixon era 'enemies list' of being unchurched and, if so, we demand to know [if] you are going to evangelize them?"

The Air Force is establishing a religion test: Who is and isn't going to church. The 523rd Fighter Squadron, in New Mexico, is called the "Crusaders." They have an official Air Force logo on their flight suits and F-16s. The symbol is a giant crucifix, a crusader's helmet and broadsword. Is there anything America could do more to inflame already angry young Muslims in Lebanon, Syria, Jordan, Egypt?

Dominionists have appropriated Americana; they've taken the White House, Washington Monument, "Star Spangled Banner," the Pentagon.

What about "pro-Israel" evangelicals?

They say they love Judaism and Israel, but they love us the way Pilgrims loved the turkey the night before Thanksgiving. They're just fattening the herd for the slaughter. There must be Israeli hegemony in the Middle East, and that brings Jesus back; then we get to fly in the air and meet him naked—Revelations. It's a great passion play. And, of course, Jews disappear in part four, because no Jew gets into Heaven. We're either forcibly converted or thrown into the lake of fire.

Are evangelicals focusing on the Air Force?

No, it's in the Defense Department's very air conditioning. It's simply accepted like gravity.

A 20-year-old said he was asked in basic training, "What type of Christian are you?"

He goes, "I'm just Christian."

It wasn't good enough. They wanted him to be an evangelical, so he fought back and they stuck on his dog tags "no preference" or "no faith." When he got to Afghanistan, his first sergeant and commander gave him a Dixie cup and tweezers, sent him to the latrine and—because he was a "heathen"—made him pick pubic hairs out of the toilet for two weeks until he could fill the cup.

Troops say unless they accept the dogma, they're given particularly dangerous assignments with higher likelihoods of confronting jihadists, insurrectionists and IEDs. During downtime, troops check out DVDs from unit libraries. But now commanders are censoring libraries, leaving only DVDs with strong Christian content, so [soldiers] have trouble getting *Lord of the Rings* or *Harry Potter*.

Most battle staff meetings, from the enlisted men to the top, start out with virulent dominionist Christian prayers with commanders and first sergeants. The leadership, up and down the chain of command, say: "Unless you accept this dogma, the Lord Jesus will not bless our unit, and if anything happens, it's on you."

I had an Army captain confront his colonel in front of the troops about this. The colonel grabbed him by the lapels and screamed: "Boy, we're here to do two things: spread the gospel of American democracy and the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ."

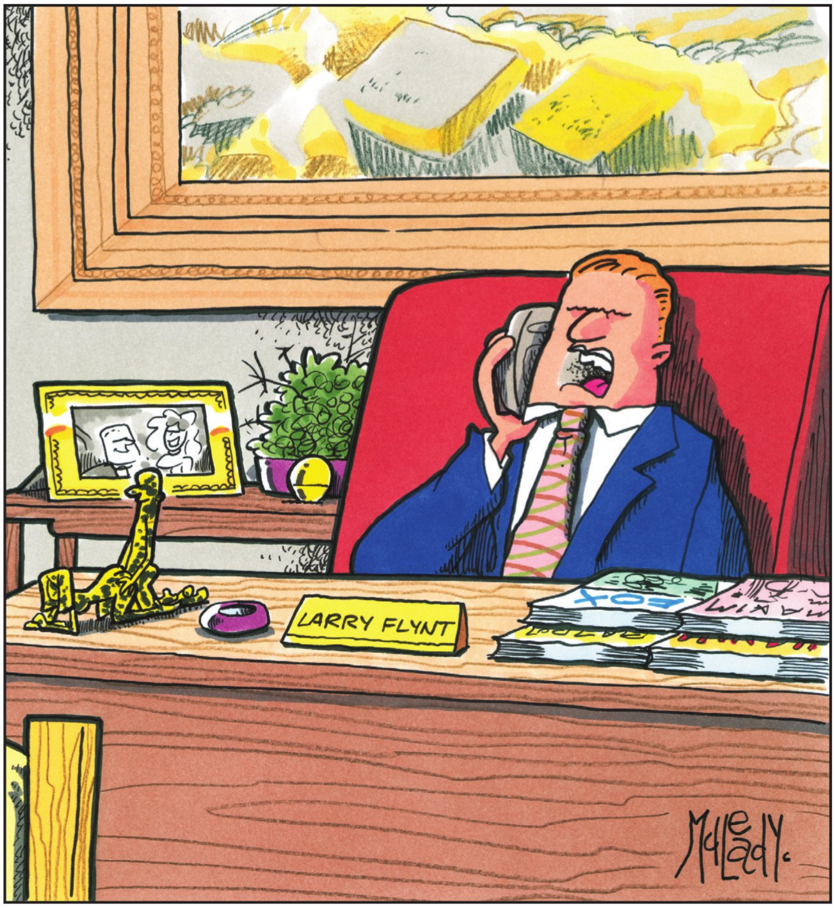
We caught a three-star general at a major air command—they control all of our fighters and bombers—who ordered his staff to put together a PowerPoint presentation showing direct parallels between the Book of Revelations and our movements throughout Iraq and Afghanistan. It was stopped after it got out to 2,500 people of the 75,000 in his command.

Another four-star general gave orders indicating that his troops should travel 130 miles to attend the Creation Festival over the weekend, where they'd celebrate that the world is [far] younger than our best science contends. He said negative RSVPs would be scrutinized.

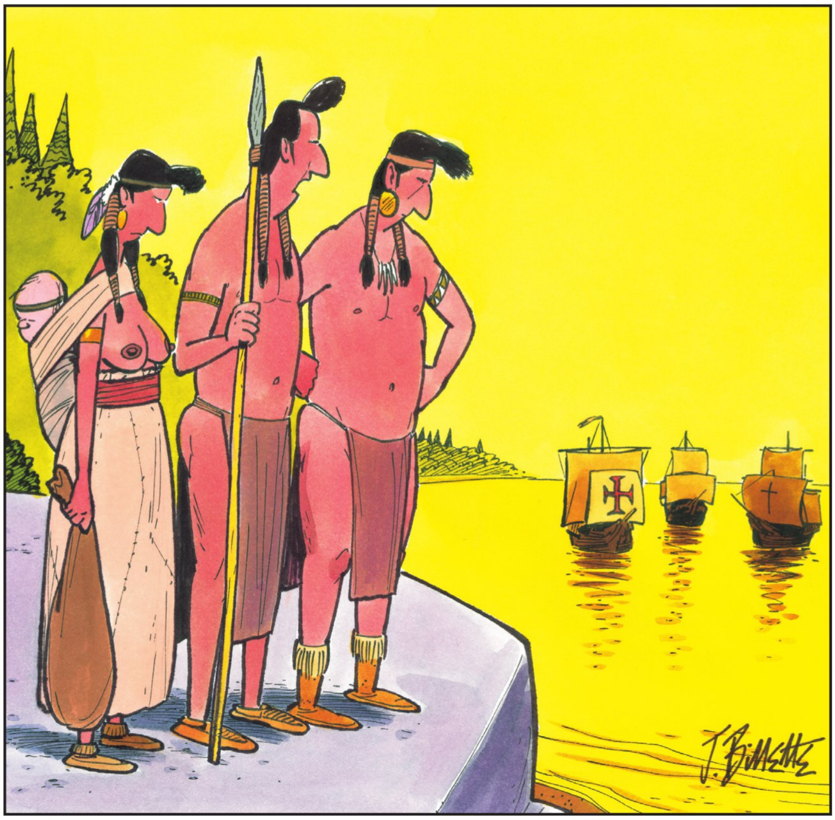
Another four-star general sanctioned the distribution of leaflets in his command advising his senior staff to go to a local mega-evangelical church and take a class entitled "Jesus vs. Mohammed," an examination of the life of both prophets and why Jesus is superior.

Remember, we're fighting the Taliban. We defeated Tojo, Mussolini and Hitler in 44 months without becoming Tojo, Mussolini and Hitler, but we've *become* the fucking Christian Taliban. They hate when I say it. My response is: "Christian Taliban, Christian Taliban, Christian Taliban!"

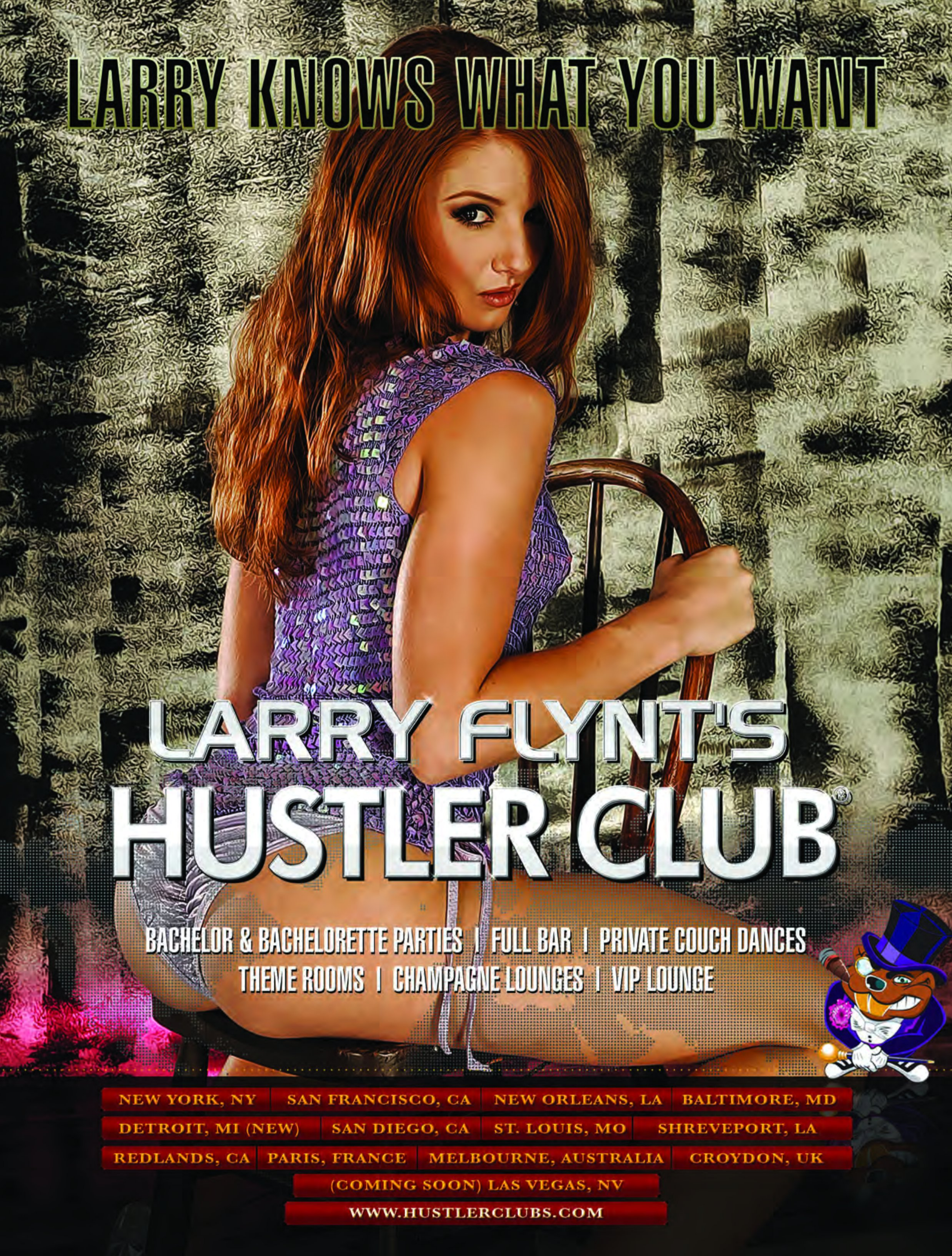
For more info on the dominionists' crusade, visit ***MilitaryReligiousFreedom.org***.



"I'm sorry, Mrs. Vitter. My million-dollar offer for evidence of any politician having sex with a cheap whore doesn't apply to senators' cheap wives."



"Maybe a huge fuckin' wall would keep the illegals out."



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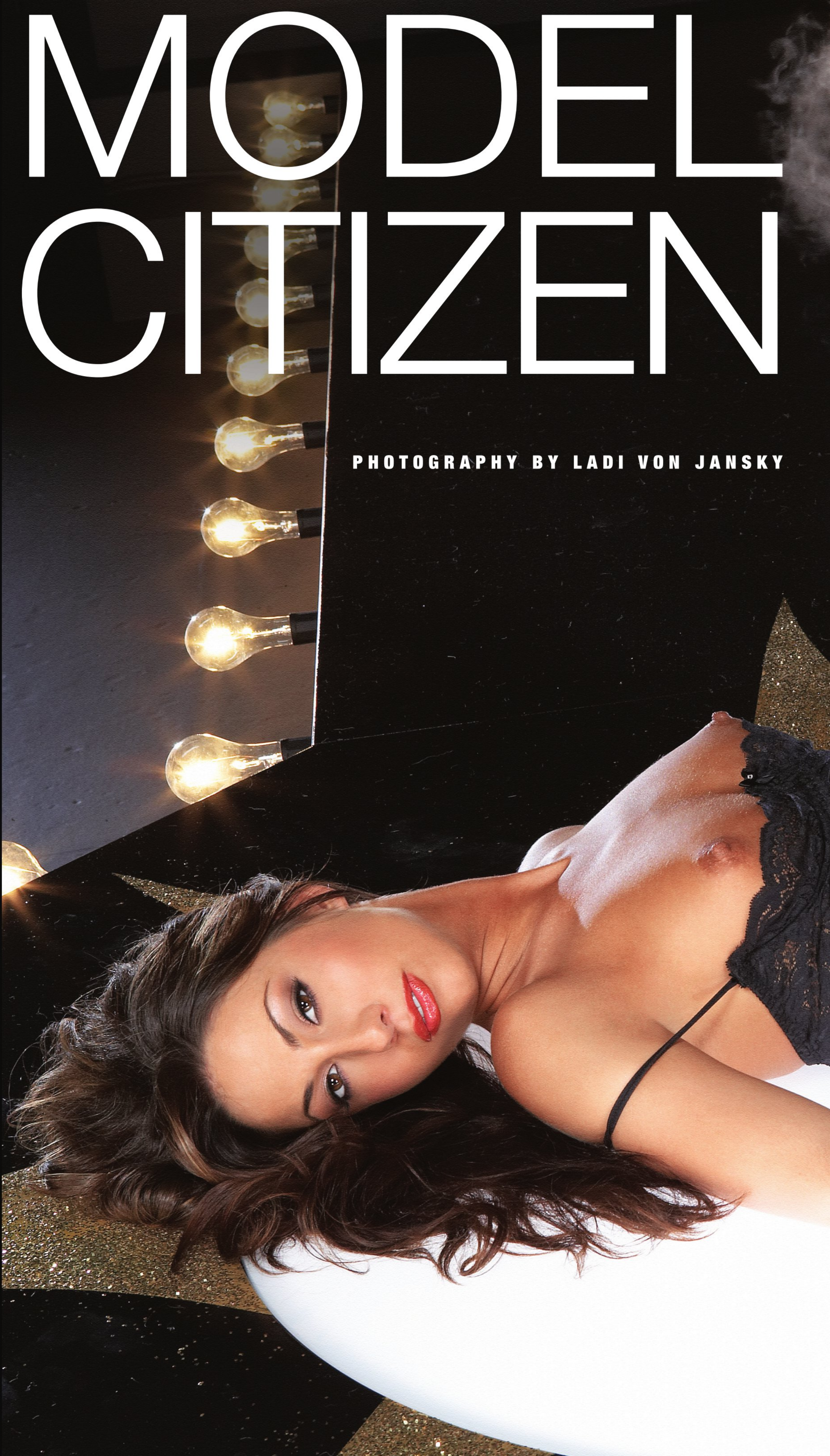
MODEL CITIZEN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY



TIFFANY BROOKS

TIFFANY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Cedar Hill, Texas
AGE: 21
BIRTH SIGN: Libra
HEIGHT: 5-8

This is my first major magazine layout,” discloses **Tiffany Brooks**, a towering newcomer from North Texas. “When I decided to give nude modeling and porn a try, I had no idea how quickly I would end up in a major magazine. Me in HUSTLER? Wow! It’s something I could never have imagined in my wildest dreams. Larry Flynt is the man!”

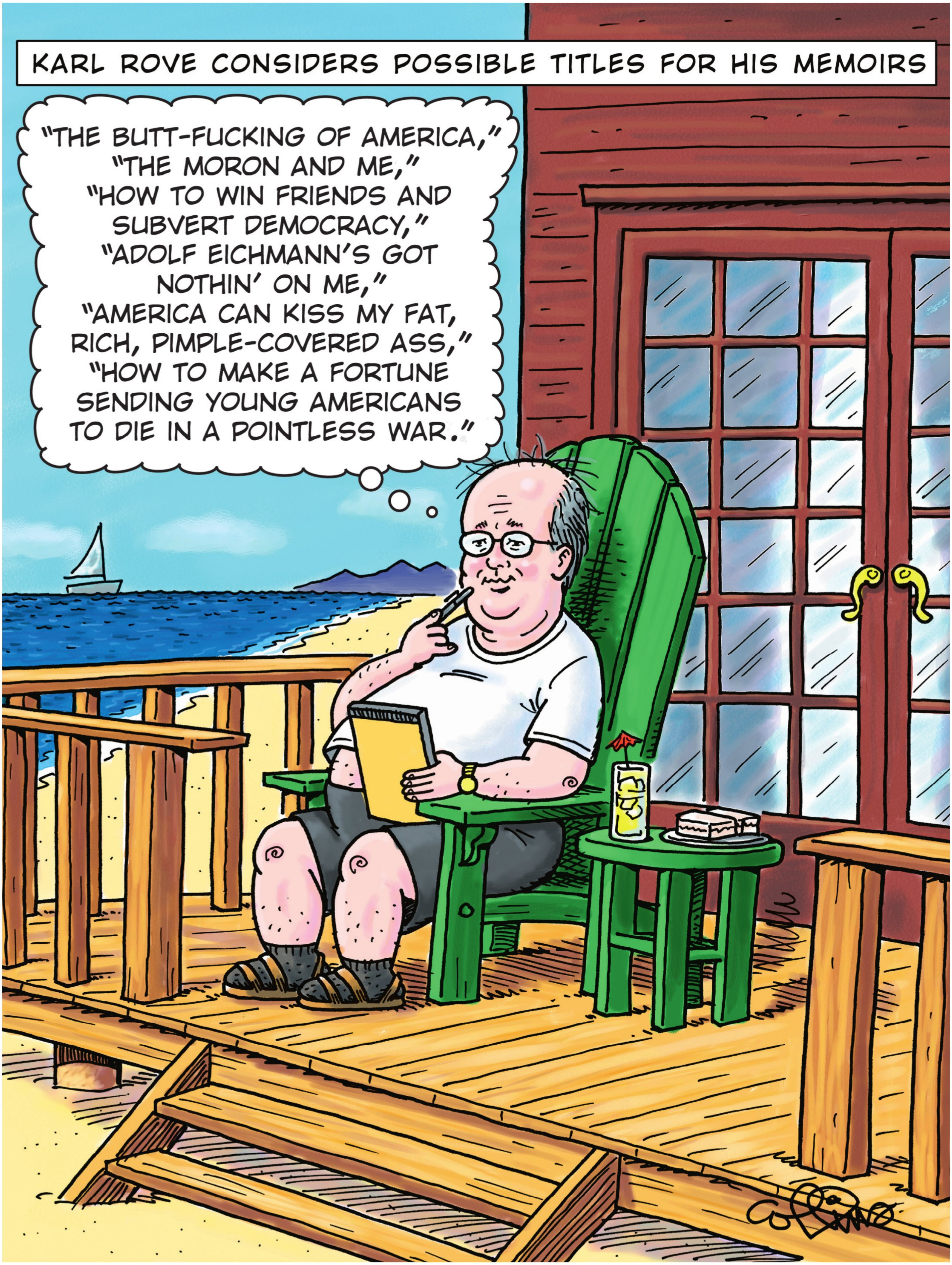
And our **Miss Brooks** is a new woman: “Posing was a big step for me. I’d always been a little shy and private about my body. It took a little bit of prodding by my boyfriend to get me to try it. Now that I have, he’s gone, and I feel like doing it again.”

Tiffany not only bares her awesome anatomy, but also her heart and soul: “Romance may be an old-fashioned concept, but it still turns me on. I love when a guy is willing to work for a shot at my favors with flowers and soft kisses. Everyone is in such a rush to get right to it these days. I love the build-up and anticipation to sex.”

But lusty spontaneity isn’t a no-no: “I’ve been known to grab a guy I didn’t know and pull him into a phone booth or a bathroom stall for a quickie at one time or another. There have been times in my life when my desires overpowered me, and I had to satisfy them immediately. Does that make me sound slutty?”

BARELY LEGAL
71

See brazen **Tiffany Brooks** find bliss in *Barely Legal #71* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

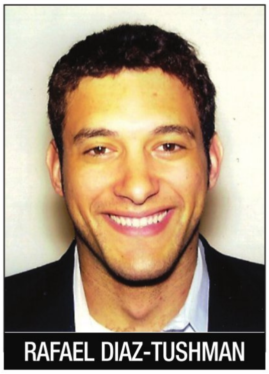

KARL ROVE CONSIDERS POSSIBLE TITLES FOR HIS MEMOIRS
"THE BUTT-FUCKING OF AMERICA," "THE MORON AND ME," "HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND SUBVERT DEMOCRACY," "ADOLF EICHMANN'S GOT NOTHIN' ON ME," "AMERICA CAN KISS MY FAT, RICH, PIMPLE-COVERED ASS," "HOW TO MAKE A FORTUNE SENDING YOUNG AMERICANS TO DIE IN A POINTLESS WAR."

SCHOLASTIC ENTREPRENEURS: NO SEX ALLOWED

Michael Dickinson uncovers apparent religious-based discrimination at the University of Virginia's "Your Tax Dollars at Work" Department.

At Virginia Commonwealth University it is common practice to recruit prospective graduate students through the use of state-funded scholarships, fellowships and assistantships. These taxpayer-financed programs typically provide students with monthly stipends and paid tuition while allowing them to focus on their dissertation topics, business plans or academic research.

Such support of business programs via funds allocated by the legislature is repeated throughout other public universities in the state. At the University of Virginia in Charlottesville, Rafael Diaz-Tushman—a first-year student in the Darden Graduate School of Business Administration—had a business plan that was selected for the Darden Business Incubator, a program developed to aid up-and-coming business students. Accordingly, Diaz-Tushman was subsidized with a stipend, business resources (fax, printing, etc.), office space and access to advisers.



RAFAEL DIAZ-TUSHMAN

However, Diaz-Tushman's stay in the program was abruptly cut short this past summer when word spread about the type of enterprise he was creating: an easier way to buy and sell adult-entertainment materials.

"I am a serial entrepreneur," Diaz-Tushman asserted. "In 2003, I started a Netflix competitor that carried video games and adult DVDs in addition to mainstream DVDs. This differentiated us from Netflix at the time, and we used PayPal to accept payments online."

PayPal is a credit card processor that has become an indispensable tool for conducting business via the Internet. However, as Diaz-Tushman discovered, much to his dismay, this essential element of e-biz is often denied to Web sites selling sexually explicit content and products. This snafu has greatly complicated matters for adult-entertainment Webmasters conducting online transactions.

"PayPal froze my account and disabled incoming payments when they reviewed my site and found that we carried adult DVDs," Diaz-Tushman complained. "I searched for an alternative e-wallet company that would allow a client merchant to work in the adult industry, but found nothing. So I decided to start Pmints."

At no time did Diaz-Tushman conceal his undertaking: to make it easier to buy and sell porn. The UVA faculty and staff at the Darden Business Incubator knew beforehand what was being bought and sold.

"Pmints has always been aboveboard with its intentions to serve alternative industries in addition to mainstream ones," Diaz-Tushman goes on to say. "I submitted the completed Pmints plan to the UVA business competition, and it was a finalist. It did not win, but I was invited to join the business incubator because of its status as a finalist in that competition and its successes in other business plan competitions."

It seems Diaz-Tushman's business was abruptly removed from the program when Oliver Asher, a prominent UVA alumnus, complained to Darden Dean Robert F. Bruner. "Honestly, it appears to be more opportunist than innovative," said Asher, who is now the executive vice-president of Advancing Native Missions. Ironically, this Christian ministry opportunistically solicits money online for the purpose of "helping take the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the world's remaining unreached and unevangelized peoples."

Asher's letter had an effect on Dean Bruner, who declared, "The school, as a public institution of the Commonwealth of Virginia, cannot directly support, financially or otherwise, Pmints, because of the nature of some aspects of [Diaz-Tushman's] business."

"I am still moving forward with Pmints," Diaz-Tushman disclosed. "The Darden situation was a minor two-week distraction, but Pmints continues to progress. We fully expect to complete our testing later this year and launch sometime after that."

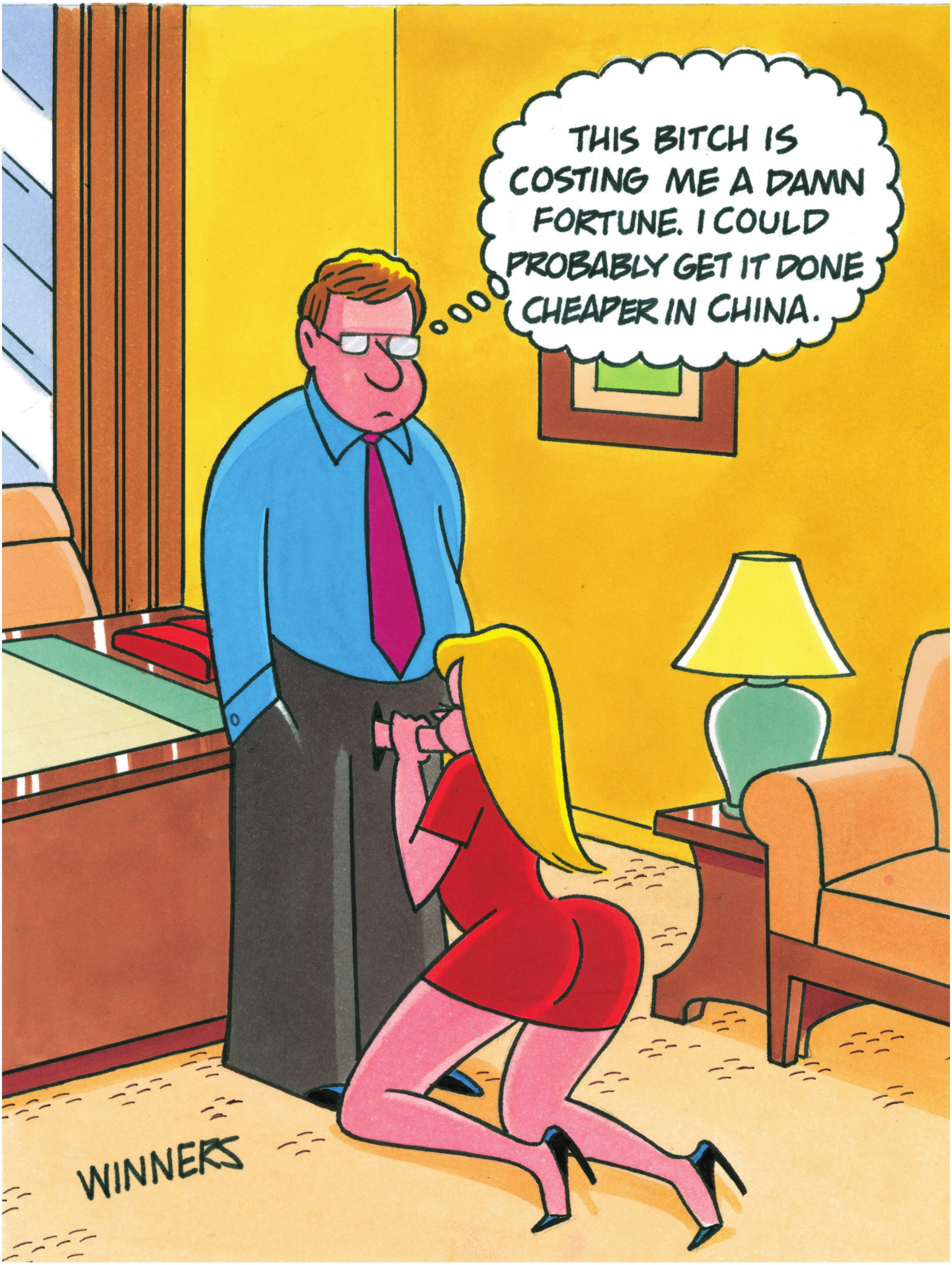
Be that as it may, in Thomas Jefferson's Virginia a state-funded program appears to discriminate against a student on the basis of content. This may well be an unconstitutional bias against free expression, with some content receiving preferential treatment and public money. Although Jefferson—the University of Virginia's founder—advocated "a wall of separation between church and state," the removal of Diaz-Tushman from the Darden Business Incubator program suggests that this barrier has been breached in old Virginny.

In 1820, Jefferson expressed hope that the University of Virginia "will be based on the illimitable freedom of the human mind, to explore and to expose every subject susceptible of its contemplation." Almost 200 years later, perhaps Jefferson's statement should be amended to add: "Except for cybersex."

Free-speech advocate Michael Dickinson is pursuing a Ph.D. at Virginia Commonwealth University in Richmond.

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues—contact us at *Features@LFP.com.*

PHOTO BY MICHAEL DICKINSON


THIS BITCH IS COSTING ME A DAMN FORTUNE. I COULD PROBABLY GET IT DONE CHEAPER IN CHINA.
WINNERS

ANOTHER GOOD-PAYING JOB ABOUT TO BE SHIPPED OVERSEAS?

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

DITED BY MARK JOHNSON

White trash whores Chelsie Rae (left), Cindy Crawford and Heather Gables (bottom) get ***Black Snake Boned.***

Black Snake Boned

POWERSVILLE. **DIRECTOR:** JIM POWERS. **STARRING:** CINDY CRAWFORD, CHELSIE RAE, HEATHER GABLES, DEVLIN WEED, BRIAN PUMPER, TONY EVEREADY, JASON BROWN, DAVE HARDMAN, LEFTY, RANDY RODMAN, O-MAR, GORGEOUS DRE', HOOKS, KING JAMES, ICY & PRODIGY-X.

This is the movie you imagined when you first saw that poster for *Black Snake Moan* (and before you found out that the mainstream flick was a Bible-thumpin' ad for abstinence and wedding gowns). In porn bad boy Jim Powers's version, there ain't no redemption for a slut, because sex *is* the redemption. Chelsie Rae (more Valley trash than red-state trash) opens the dirty-South fuckin' with a lazy screw. As it turns out, she's two-timing her black man with another brother: his own! Cindy Crawford kicks things up a couple notches in the next scene as a horny drunk partying her way into a black-snake blow-bang. Finding her passed out in the street with a mouthful of nasty, the hero hooks her up to his shack. We get a lot of chain-yanking here that doesn't really beat Christina Ricci's scene in the original, but at least it ends with Crawford finger-banging herself. Cindy's got an unscratchable itch for black dick, so lucky for her, a local dude shows up with a handy hard-on, whereupon the fetching jizzabelle shows him some Dixie hospitality. Finally, narrator Heather Gables wraps things up with a good ol' Tobacco Road D.P. While the Ricci movie was cagey on the butt-fuck angle, director Powers tells it like it is: Black dudes love to pound that white booty! Powers, the brain behind the *White Trash Whore* series, is obviously at home with this kind of material, and he keeps things filthy enough, even if his usual nasty humor is strangely restrained. R-Mutt also gets kudos for the bluesy soundtrack that instills an easy, sleazy mood. As for the star, you can always rent Ricci, but Crawford's a keeper. ***—M.J.***

Costars stick their heads in, but make no mistake—***It's All About Ava*** Rose.

It's All About Ava

ADAM & EVE PICTURES. **DIRECTOR:** JAMES AVALON. **STARRING:** AVA ROSE, RILEY SHY, RILEY MASON, CANDICE COX, TYLA WYNN, ERIC MASTERSON, FRANCO DEL TORRO, CHRIS CANNON & JOHNNY CASTLE.

It's All About Ava is the coming-out party for Adam & Eve's newly minted contract girl, Ava Rose, who first gained notoriety performing alongside her sister Mia. Now flying solo, the sultry, raven-haired starlet is banging her way to the top. Despite the title, this showcase is more *Waiting for Godot* than *All About Eve*. Vainly attempting to interview elusive Ava's "close, personal friends," Eric Masterson gets sidetracked by the sexual exploits of Riley Shy, Candice Cox and anal fiend Tyla Wynn. Not that there's anything wrong with that! Ava first appears in a flashback, when Riley Mason complains about Ava being all over her during their threeway with Johnny Castle. Ava also returns for the climactic scene, with Masterson finally tracking her down and fucking the shit out of her. The mystery makes Ava even more alluring, so the suspense pays off. But with limited screen time, the sexy siren doesn't get a chance to display her acting chops or sense of humor. But despite her young years, Ava sucks cock like she came of age during the Clinton Administration. That alone makes *It's All About Ava* a great piece of oral history. ***—Kevin Wright***

Rebeca Linares lends some tropical fruit to ***Sophia Santi's Juice***.

Sophia Santi's Juice

DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. **DIRECTOR:** CELESTE. **STARRING:** SOPHIA SANTI, LEXXI TYLER, CARMEL MOORE, AUDREY BITONI, SAMANTHA RYAN, REBECA LINARES, KARLI MONTANA, JELENA JENSEN, KIMBERLY KANE, DERRICK PIERCE, MARCO BANDERAS & SCOTT NAILS.

Don't be misled by the title. This isn't a squirt flick, but the bundle of mouthwatering bombshells in this all-vaginal affair will drain your juice-maker more than once. In a novel twist, each scene opens with a gal sucking on a different kind of fruit, culminating in a triple-chick tryst that uses a bunch of bananas the way Mother Nature always intended. Sophia Santi leads the nutritious lineup, teasing Lexxi Tyler with an apple before savoring her gal pal's forbidden fruit. Sultry Santi, adorned with an artsy tattoo that accentuates her curves like clinging ivy, is a natural wonder. Director Celeste has her leading lady playing slurper and slurpee with five of the hottest A-listers on the market. If you haven't gotten to know Sophia yet, do yourself a favor and grab this awesome Digital Playground showcase (or Celeste's *Scream*, which pairs the stunning brunette with blond Jana Cova). As for maneaters, the standouts are Chilean chica Rebeca Linares and the always-bangworthy Brit Carmel Moore. As always, the camerawork of Robby D.—who continually finds new angles for sometimes-by-the-numbers fucking—is top-notch. If there are flaws, it might be that the production is a touch too slick and that some of the orgasms come off as a tad phony. (There's such a thing as being over-rehearsed, girls.) But neither of those shortcomings will disrupt your whack-off focus. In the final squeeze, *Sophia Santi's Juice* is sweet and worth more than a few gulps. ***—M.J.***

Carmel Moore likes her ***Juice*** *freshly squeezed.*

Lexxi Tyler taps ***Sophia Santi's Juice*** *box.*

Jayla goes toe to toe with B. Pumper's foot-long in ***Black Girls Foot.***

Black Girls Foot

B. PUMPER PRODUCTIONS/WEST COAST PRODUCTIONS. **DIRECTOR:** B. PUMPER. **STARRING:** ANDREA, ROBBIN, SPARKLE, KELLY, LILLY, JAYLA & B. PUMPER.

This foot-fetish charmer kicks off with a rap by the director that's delivered by a ghetto gal with the cutest "blaccent" you ever heard: "You wanna jack off on my feet; you wanna suck 'em? You wanna smell my toes; you wanna fuck 'em?" The answer is obvious with the cute-ass crop on tap here. Andrea (size 10) finds a happy meal on the sidewalk and "can't wait to step on those burgers and fries." Her adorable delivery of lines like "Want me to jerk you off with my burger feet?" is priceless. And what fetish-ridden heart doesn't melt at the sight of glittering toe rings? Brand-new cutie pie Jayla (size 7) uses her perfect little feet to play with toy cars and action figures, then crushes a crisp watermelon. "Watermelon, pussy and feet, now that's a special treat," comments director B. Pumper. Doll-faced Kelly (size 8) claims that the first thing guys notice are her toes. That's a little hard to swallow, but who can argue when Kelly steps on a banana, and the mashed fruit oozes between her little brown piggies? Insanely sexy Sparkle (size 7½) dives into her part feet-first, chatterboxing about her podiatric wonders, then steps on a doughnut (yep, a chocolate one) and wiggles her pink-bottomed toes around the director's dick. "Are you ready for these feet to stroke your meat?" Sparkle purrs. To be honest, these sistas don't seem that well practiced at jacking guys off with their dogs, but you'll forgive that, 'cause, as the rap goes, "I know my feet are hot; I'm a bad bitch. I know what's up, nigga; you got a foot fetish!" ***—M.J.***

Good vibrations: Stracy (left), Simi (right) and Wildy (below left) are happy to be **All By Myself.**

Gold standard: Bionca takes it **Between the Cheeks** in a classic sequel.

All By Myself #2

ELEGANT ANGEL. **DIRECTOR:** PATRICK COLLINS. **STARRING:** JAMIE LYNN, TEA, WILDY, ZOE L. FOX, SIMI, GINA, EUFRAT, CAROL GOLD & STRACY.

It sure is nice to see an entire porn flick without a single dick. For the second installment in this classy, well-shot line, director Collins got it right, distilling the concept and banning gimmicks like unneeded voyeur characters. This kind of movie works best when the girls are allowed to acquaint us with their quims as if home alone. The casting in *#2* is top-notch (mostly perfect 10s from the Czech Republic), and the prolonged takes—with just the insect buzz of the vibrator—are mesmerizing. While it's hard to pick a fave, Wildy (wearing just a fetching smile) stands out as she drills herself with a spinning, beaded vibrator. By the time the orgasmic spasms have subsided, she's almost too weak to pull the joy-toy out of her pussy. Also superbly showcased is top-billed Jamie Lynn, who tickles her cameltoe with a toy and nearly melts as she comes into her panties. *ABM #1* is also worth a look back at for its luscious views of Cayton and Samantha Ryan, as well as cuddly-cute Mia's slow-building arousal and doll-faced Paulina James as the schoolgirl we've all wanted to spy on. Overall, the *ABM* series may be too low-key for some high-tension strokers, but it's a rewarding watch for peepers who like to see gorgeous women go to their special place.

—M.J.

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See Nautica Thorn and Denice K in **The Da Vinci Load #2** this month on HUSTLER TV.

Gold Classic

***BTC2*'s hard-core pioneers Tianna (left), Heather Lere (above) and group-friendly Debi Diamond (below) usher in a bang-ass decade.**

Between the Cheeks #2

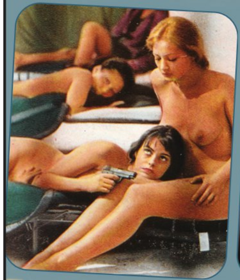
VCA PICTURES. **DIRECTOR:** GREGORY DARK. **STARRING:** HEATHER LERE, TIANNA, BIONCA, KRISSTARAH KNIGHT, NIKKI WILDE, KELLY ROYCE, DEBI DIAMOND, TOM BYRON, T.T. BOY, MARC WALLICE, BEAU, WAYNE SUMMERS, BLAKE WEST, BLAKE PALMER & JAMES LEWIS, WITH RIP HYMEN AS "FRED."

VCA kicks off its Gold Classics line with the legendary Dark Brothers' *Between the Cheeks #2.* Originally released in 1990, this unforgettable anal extravaganza has been digitally remastered for its DVD debut. Director Gregory Dark is most famous (or infamous) for the notorious *New Wave Hookers*, starring the underaged Traci Lords. But *Between the Cheeks #2*—with its psycho-sexual alien-invasion insanity—is a better example of the bizarre, twisted humor for which Dark is still revered. Porn collectors have been clutching their VHS copies for the past 18 years because of Heather Lere and Tianna's balls-to-the-wall girl-on-girl action, Bionca's amazingly raunchy D.P. and cheeky Debi Diamond's epic alien-probe gang-bang. But now even casual fans can check out a piece of smut history that's more entertaining than 99% of the adult films out there. Also look for Rebecca Wild, Brittany O'Connell and, yes, talking anuses in 1993's *Between the Cheeks #3,* the no-holes-barred conclusion to the trilogy. Other Gold Classics special editions now available for the first time on DVD include Sean Michaels's interracial scorcher *Dinner Party at Six,* the shockingly bisexual *UninhiBIted* (with Sharon Mitchell and Aja) and the bukkake groundbreaker *Deep Seven* (starring original anal queens Juli Ashton and Chloe). ***—K.W.***

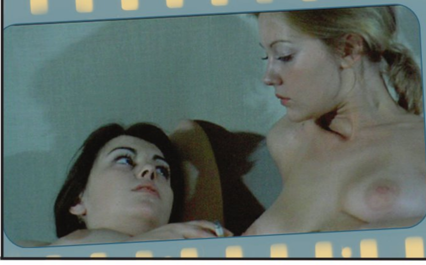
VINTAGE SMUT SPOTLIGHT

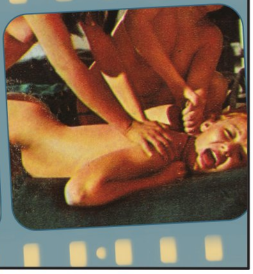
Lina Romay in

Women Behind Bars



Blue Underground's latest classic release, directed by Jess Franco, is a prime slice of '70s Eurosleaze from the golden age of women-in-prison potboilers. A mobster mistress kills her man after a diamond heist, nabs the loot, ends up in a tropical prison and has to tangle with the slimeballs who want to know where the ice is. Sure, there are better incarcerated-chick flicks (such as Franco's own *99 Women*), but how many feature a naked Lina Romay being tortured with electro-shocks to her vagina? Thanks to her lack of compunction about running around au naturel (and banging the director), the bosomy, doe-eyed Lina was never out of work, churning out dozens of low-budgeters throughout the '70s and '80s. Franco claimed to love erotica but despise pornography. In other words he was just a peeper who liked to zoom in on boobs and bushy pubes. To his credit, the scene with Lina and Martine Stedil sharing a cigarette in the nude just may make you swear off hard-core (at least until the movie is over). For an excellent selection of more fleshy rarities, check out **Blue-Underground.com**. *—M.J.*





***Make Her Ass Scream**: Stellar Audrey Hollander never misses a cue.*

***Louder Bitch**! Otto Bauer teaches Taylor Ash the Supercore credo.*

Make Her Ass Scream...Louder Bitch

SUPERCORE/NINN WORX. **DIRECTOR:** OTTO BAUER. **STARRING:** AUDREY HOLLANDER, BROOKE HAVEN, DANA DEARMOND, TAYLOR ASH, BRIAN SHERWOOD, DAVID HARDMAN, SETH DICKENS, BUSTER GOOD & OTTO BAUER.

Buttbang fanatic and general egomaniac Otto Bauer's latest rampage is this disc from the relaunch of his and Audrey Hollander's Supercore imprint. Sauntering into Scene 1 to break in newbie Taylor Ash, Bauer lovingly sets the mood with "What makes you a bitch?" Otto's mission is to turn every lady he works with into his "ass bitch" and/or "ass whore," depending on his mood. That usually involves jamming as much volume into their poop chutes as possible (dicks, dildos, beads, small appliances). He goes unusually easy on Taylor, who holds up surprisingly well for a rookie, but Hollander is without doubt the Supercore maven. Playing a pool hall whore, Bauer's longtime partner lets a trio of seriously sleazy dudes score in every one of her pockets. Audrey even takes a cue or two…literally. Judging by the frenetic double penetrations, the lady-holes in this flick were probably screaming for days after. So remember, these are professionals; don't try this at home unless your woman gets paid for it. Since Otto and Audrey are legendary pioneers in sodomy cinema, you got to have respect in spite of a few minor flaws (such as some cheesy decor and the occasional lackluster performance). This disc dishes out the Supercore credo: plenty of ass-drilling, throat-gagging and all-around slut-punishing. Keep an eye out for Supercore's follow-ups *Smut Merchant* and *Back Roads*. In the meantime, practice yelling "Louder, bitch!"

—M.J.

THE BONNIE

Fierce-fucking couple Otto Bauer and Audrey Hollander burst onto the porn scene just four years ago and are already living legends. In 2006, Audrey added *AVN*'s coveted Female Performer of the Year award to the duo's mounting heap of accolades. After proving their chops with hot sellers like *Otto and Audrey Destroy the World* and *Live and Loaded in Switzerland*, they're now taking their Supercore label to Ninn Worx, the high-end makers of Audrey's art-core breakout vehicle *Catherine*.

To find out what drives the Natural Born Assbangers, gonzo great Jim Powers chatted with the couple at their home in California's secluded Shadow Hills.

JIM POWERS: Do you realize you have a reputation for being the filthiest couple in the business?

AUDREY HOLLANDER: We're the Bonnie and Clyde of porn!

OTTO BAUER: But with less killing and more fucking!

Audrey, you're a gonzo queen. Did Otto do this to you?

AUDREY: He brought it out. I was a simple girl. I never thought I would need this much sex, but you become needy the more you

Jim Powers mans the camera as Otto and Audrey break in Britney Stevens.

& CLYDE OF PORN

JIM POWERS INTERVIEWS OTTO AND AUDREY

learn. And I don't want to get hurt on game day, so I practice. I'm an athlete. An *ass-lete*!

How did the ballad of Otto & Audrey begin?

OTTO: In 2000 I was working live shows in Times Square—

You're from New York City?

OTTO: Fuck you! I'm from Texas, where we fear no one and no thing! I met Audrey on vacation in Florida. She was sweet as could be, and I fell in love in a real way. We went to Kentucky to meet her parents, then I took her straight to New York. In a bar there, this guy who knew me sees Audrey and blurts out, "Is this one of your new porn babes?" I couldn't believe it!

Why didn't you leave him on the spot?

OTTO: Because she's a whore, Jim! She was just waiting to come out of her little cocoon.

AUDREY: I figured anyone who's had an interesting past is going to be an interesting person to be with for the future. Why should I judge?

OTTO: She just smiled and said, "Well, you did it without me; now we're doing it together." I knew she couldn't be wasted; she had to be a big star. We set up a camera, and the training began.

AUDREY: He said, "You have to practice getting the biggest dildo we have up your ass for at least five minutes a day." He said taking it up the ass is what all the girls were doing. I took it really seriously. And after we came to L.A., you took the first Polaroids of me, Jim!

How did you feel?

AUDREY: I thought, *Wow, I'm a piece of meat!* I didn't have any problem getting naked, but I understood at that moment that I was marketing my body. It was a wake-up call.

OTTO: Thanks to Jim Powers, you realized what a whore you are!

AUDREY: The average girl *is* a whore. It's just a matter of how far she's willing to take it publicly.

As the extreme front guard, are you worried about the wave of indictments against porn?

OTTO: I never realized we were so hard-core or that this was so strange. I'm always hearing from my peers that this is good work, the kind of work that wins awards. "Attaboy!" they say. "Keep it up, kid!" So it's hard for me to imagine there might be somebody out there in Red Land who might be mad at me.

AUDREY: If I were ever in court for what I do, I'd have to say, "Who are you to judge me for liking more stuff in my butt than you do in yours?"

OTTO: What do you say to the people who say, "How can you let these guys choke you and slap you around?"

AUDREY: I'd say there are plenty of women who play out the same scenario in their lives, just that they end up in court for domestic violence. I like to be smacked around; sometimes I even provoke it. It's nice to submit to someone who's willing to dominate.

Otto, you're one of the filthiest men in porn. What drives you?

OTTO: I don't know. On the set it seems like we're always talking about doing whacked-out shit. So we just do it. The girls come up to me and say, "What kind of crazy shit are we going to do today, Otto?" So I start thinking, *Crazy, got to come up with something crazy!*

Got to keep pushing it.

OTTO: Yeah. I see sexuality in everything. I go to the grocery store, see the fruit, and I want to fuck. When I'm out in the garden, I see fun-shaped rocks or garden tools, and I think, *We could shove those up somebody's ass.* People are more sexual than they let on. I just let it out, because it's my job.

Are there any actors you emulated?

OTTO: You can either fuck in front of people or you can't, and no amount of vitamin V is going to change that. So when I knew I could do it, I studied everything Rocco Siffredi did. He can fuck any girl in any situation and always show full, visible penetration.

Any girls you looked up to, Audrey?

AUDREY: I watched a lot of Belladonna. I saw her stick a bat up her ass and a huge black dildo, and I thought, *Okay, that's what I have to do.*

What do you think of girls with the Jenna Jameson syndrome, who just want to do pretty movies and won't do anal?

AUDREY: I think a lot of them lie to themselves.

OTTO: They're pretending they're not whores. They don't understand what porn is.

AUDREY: Jenna is the face for what she does, and I want to set the standard and become the face for what I do: hard-core. I feel so ahead of the game compared to most other women because I know what I like sexually. I've tried it, I've done it, and a lot of women, sadly, are in their 30s or older and still haven't figured out how to give themselves an orgasm.

OTTO: Guys, you shouldn't keep your woman under a rock. I'd be fucked if I didn't accept Audrey as a hot babe! I'd be crying in a corner! Instead, I get to bone away at 18-year-olds in the next room!

Any regrets?

AUDREY: No. I traveled the world and explored my sexuality, and I hope I've helped others explore theirs by watching me.

OTTO: No regrets. We will forge ahead with clear conscience into the next decade of supersex with Otto and Audrey!

WOULD YOU STILL FUCK HER?

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

ROXY DeVILLE & STEVEN ST. CROIX

It's now time for America's most popular new game show: *Would You Still Fuck Her?* Let's play!

Getting lucky, you pick up a girl at a local club and take her back to your place. As the chick bends over to turn on the TV (offering a nice peek at her ass), she suddenly blasts one of the loudest and rudest-smelling farts you've ever been around. Would you still fuck her?

While the sloppy slut is sucking you off, she accidentally chomps down hard on your prick with her teeth. Would you still fuck her?

You start fingering the horny broad, and she's really into it. Then a serious problem arises: As you probe deeper and deeper, small objects start falling out—starting with an NBA championship ring. Would you still fuck her?

Finally, you go down on the spread-eagled nympho and start eating her pussy only to discover that what you thought was a piercing is actually two old breath mints left behind from the last dude who chowed down on her. Would you still fuck her?

So would you? Of course you would! Why? Because you’re male. That’s what we do.

Catch **Roxy Deville**, who is absolutely fuckable, in *Cum Stain Girls*, *HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt #3*, *Inception*, *Kill Jill #2* and *HUSTLER's Taboo: Taking Control* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

BRIDGET

FAIRY TALE COME TRUE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Every little girl dreams of becoming a fairy tail princess and being swept off her feet by a handsome prince who comes along and promises to take care of the damsel forever. Such is the case with breathtaking Bridget, who coos, “I still believe that a man should be a man. He should be strong and willing to take care of me on every level.”

BRIDGET'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Prague, Czech Republic
AGE: 22
BIRTH SIGN: Leo
HEIGHT: 5-2

Drawing a clearer picture, the Czech doll goes on to say, "As the breadwinner, my man has to provide for me. That is not to say I wouldn't work if he wanted me to. I would prefer that he alone earned the money so I could spend my days naked and plotting how to fulfill him sexually. When he comes home, I will be waiting and eager to please. If a man must be a real man, then a woman must be a real woman. Besides being pretty and smelling good, she should speak only when asked to and be exceptionally gifted at giving blowjobs."

Talk about a happy ending!